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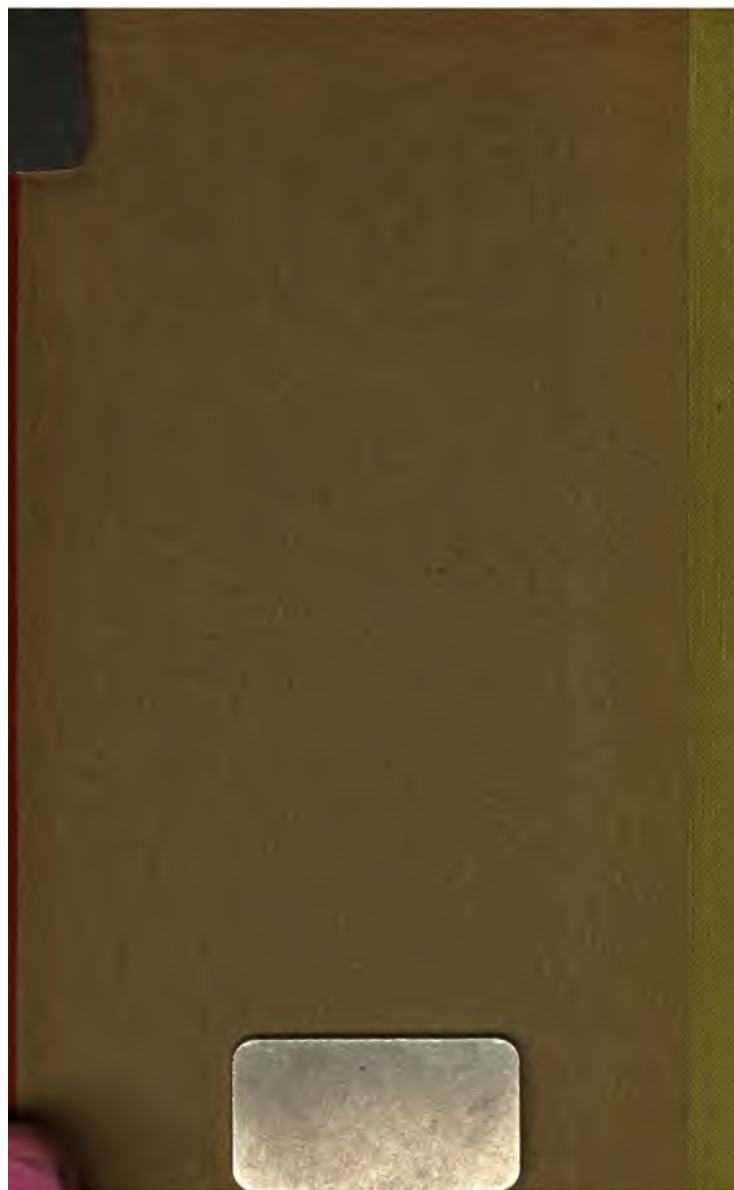
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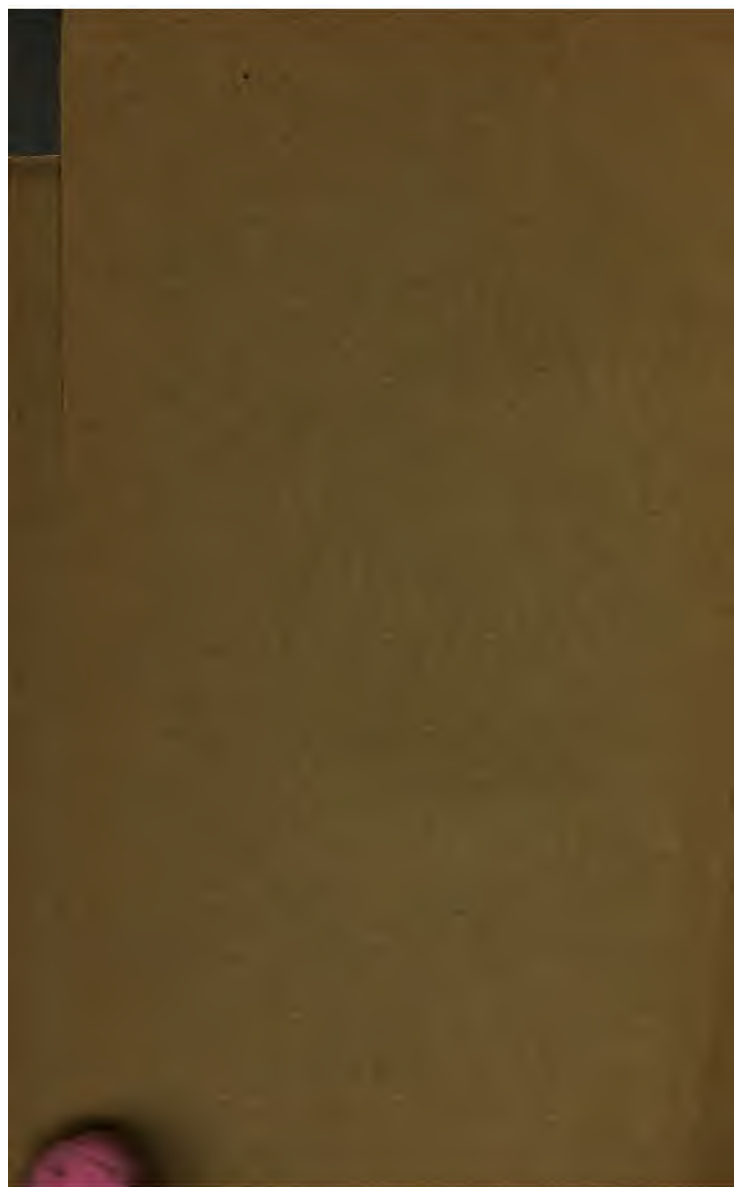
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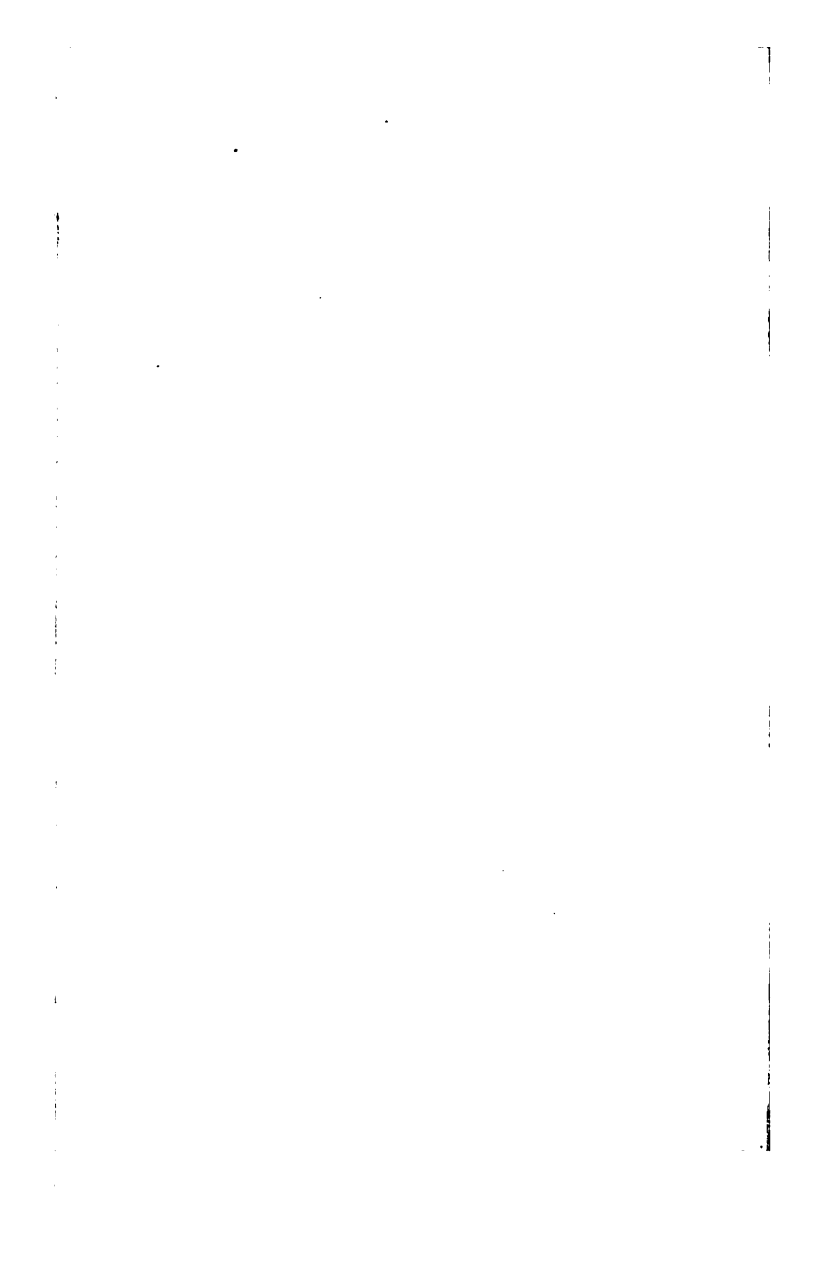
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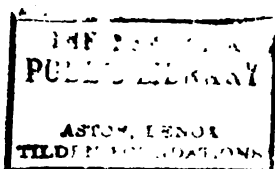
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THE

LITTLE DON QUIXOTE:

A Story for Youth.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY

ROBERT R. RAYMOND.

SYRACUSE:

HALL AND HOPKINS.

A. S. BARNES & CO., NEW YORK.

1855.

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Dedicatory Preface

TO THE

BOYS AND GIRLS AT NUTWOOD.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

Often, as you know, when I have chanced to read to you certain passages of story from books which had fallen in my way, written in other languages than your own, I have been besieged by your entreaties that I would add to your growing library by translating and publishing from these foreign treasures, and sometimes preparing original juvenile works. A few leisure months, under the chestnuts and oaks of our own dear home, have determined me to commence the preparation of such a course of

volumes, and I here present you with the first of a series, which, you see, I have christened with the name of the leafy spot where we have spent so many happy hours, and from whose delightful shades a new zest has been imparted to the pleasures of reading and conversation.

In introducing you to the "*Little* Don Quixote," it may not be unnecessary to tell the younger of you who the *great* Don Quixote was. Several hundred years ago, it was the custom for certain men of war, called knights, to spend their lives in travelling about the world for the purpose of righting the wrongs which everywhere abounded—protecting the weak against the strong, and avenging injured innocence. When this fashion began to pass away, the whole literature of the time was occupied with recounting the adventures, in love and battle, of these "knights errant," or wandering knights. To ridicule such foolish romances, Cervantes, a Spanish author, wrote the mock adventures of

“Don Quixote,” a poor crazy gentleman of La Mancha, whose head had been turned in reading the miserable novels to which I have alluded, and who went forth attended by “Sancho Panza,” a droll peasant, as a squire, to reform the abuses of the wicked world. These, of course, were not real characters, but creatures of the witty author’s brain.

You will probably need no more than this to enjoy the little story which I now present to you, hoping that you will be able to understand that it was written only against aimless and extravagant efforts to do good, and not to discourage true generosity and a self-sacrificing sympathy with the sorrows of others.

YOUR FATHER.

SYRACUSE, NOV. 29, 1854.



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THE
LITTLE DON QUIXOTE.

Chapter First.

OUR HEROES—BIG AND LITTLE.

Henry de Clerval an orphan.

His father's misfortunes.

HENRY DE CLERVAL had just lost his father, at an age when a child needs so much the care and protection of one, and while it is in circumstances to feel deeply such a loss. Henry was the more unfortunate, as he had early been deprived of his mother, and had neither brother, sister, relative, nor faithful friend to supply the place of his parents.

After the death of his wife, Monsieur de Clerval had engaged in hazardous speculations, in consequence of which his health and character had suffered, and finally his property had become impaired to such a degree, that when his affairs came to be settled, so far from finding any

Henry's poverty.

His unhappiness.

thing for poor Henry, every thing of value, even to the furniture, had to be given up to the creditors. A free scholarship in a charity-school was the only hope which now remained to the poor orphan.

He had been reared with care, and even with a degree of luxury, for his father, thoughtless of the future, sought only to enjoy the present, and in his last years had lived at an expense far beyond his means. Henry was therefore exceedingly shocked when the grave and austere man of business announced to him, in clear and explicit words, that he must hand him over, in his desolate condition, to public charity. The flush of shame arose to his cheek, and to conceal the tears which filled his eyes, the poor child fled to his chamber. But, alas! this too, stripped of all its furniture, revealed a scene of desolation, and spoke a language quite as painful as that from which he was trying to escape.

With a proud and angry countenance, Henry hastened to lock the chamber-door, that he might weep undisturbed.

"Ah, my God!" sighed he, "is it not enough to lose my father, to see him borne away by

A new idea.Henry's aunt.

rude and repulsive people and hidden in a gloomy grave, and to hear the earth fall upon his coffin; must I also see myself become an object of charity, without money, and without friends? God, my God! what will become of me?"

Henry repeated the same words, and abandoned himself to the same thoughts, until a new idea occurred to him, which he wondered he had not had before, and which he seized upon with all the enthusiasm of a youthful spirit of thirteen years, which easily passes from the deepest despondency to the highest hope and confidence.

"But," said he to himself suddenly, "I have still one relative! My great-aunt, whom I used to visit on her birth-day, and wish a 'Happy New-Year,' in the life-time of my mother, is surely not yet dead. I remember that papa wrote to her lately. To be sure, he threw her answer in the fire, and said she was an unworthy relative—an old miser. But she used to caress me when I was little, and if she is stingy, that only proves that she has something to take care of—that she has money. Perhaps she will take a fancy to me. I will go to her. Better do any

Henry sets out to find his aunt.

thing than ask help of strangers—of business people.”

So saying, Henry felt his courage return, and carefully brushing his crape-bound hat, he wrapped his dark mantle round him, and notwithstanding the snow, which was falling in large flakes, began, with rapid strides, to traverse the many and crooked streets which separated him from that part of the city of Paris called the “Jardin des Plantes.”* This was a retired neighborhood, where lived his old aunt, in a street and house, between a court and a garden, which Henry thought he could not fail to recognize, so deeply had the remembrance of them been impressed upon his youthful mind.

But in spite of this, the poor fellow went up and down, through several dark and narrow streets, in the vicinity of the Jardin des Plantes, without being able to find the wall-door of old brown wood, which he well remembered to have passed through, in entering the little court before his aunt’s house. In vain he knocked at those doors which most resembled the one he sought. They opened upon him only to satisfy

* Botanic Garden.

Disappointment.A restaurant.

him that they did not lead to the dwelling of the old lady; and when he ventured to inquire, with diffidence, after "Madame l'Espinoy," he received the blunt answer, "Don't know her," or the still more unwelcome one, "No one of that name lives here, little noodle,"—answers which convinced him of his error, and increased his disappointment.

At last, exhausted with fatigue and hunger, and, moreover, wishing to postpone as long as possible the time when he must return to the gloomy dwelling of his father, where there was none to receive him or to care for him, he resolved to enter a modest restaurant,* which had arrested his attention by its showy sign, displaying, in paint, pastry, roast meats, and fish, which were never actually seen in its kitchen. But Henry was not in a condition to stand upon ceremony. His purse was scarcely better furnished than his stomach. He was therefore fain to content himself with a piece of cold veal, served by a little chubby-cheeked boy, who appeared to perform the duties at once of a waiter and a cook's apprentice. This little fellow regarded

* Eating-house.

Henry's accomplishments.A copyist wanted.

our hero in a more friendly manner than he had been accustomed to for a long time, and soon seemed to win his heart, and actually to revive his courage.

After taking a breakfast, which was to serve also for his dinner, Henry took up the newspaper, by way of a pretext to prolong his stay. His eye fell upon the advertisements of persons who seek servants, and offer places of various sorts. Immediately it entered his head that he might find one which would answer for him, and furnish him the means of earning his living.

"I can write," said he to himself, "cipher well—know something of Latin—play the violin pretty well—perhaps they will want something of this sort. 'WANTED, a good Nurse,'—that isn't it. 'WANTED to buy a Parrot,'—nor that. 'WANTED, a trusty Man,'—alas! I am not yet a man. Now, *this* is my case—'WANTED, a well-bred Youth, who writes a beautiful hand, and can copy manuscripts,'—yes, yes, that's it!—but no—no such fortune for *me*!—'he must be prepared to deposit two hundred francs* as security for the manuscripts intrusted to his care.' Where

* About forty dollars.

Breaking dishes.A cruel master.

shall I find two hundred francs?" sighed Henry, and while he continued to read he found nothing but proposals he could not accept, or offers made only to people who had something to offer in return.

He laid down the paper with bitter thoughts, and was about to pay for his humble meal, when he was riveted to the spot by the sound of breaking china, followed by a blow on the ear and the screams of the unfortunate who had received it. Henry rushed into the adjoining room, whence the alarm had proceeded, and beheld the fat pastry-cook, red with anger, his hand still raised over the poor little apprentice, who was trembling in every limb, with both eyes fixed upon two dishes he had just let fall and broken.

"Miserable good-for-nothing!" screamed the landlord; "here we have more of your tricks. But this is the last. You must leave the house. I discharge you. You can go where you please."

"Ah, my dear master!" replied the little delinquent, with tears in his eyes, "do not send me away, I pray you. It will not happen again. You can keep back the price of the two dishes from my wages."

Henry takes the part of the cook's apprentice.

"Your wages! you idle rascal! What wages do *you* earn? Indeed, the boy is as bad as four to *feed*. He would eat his father and mother!"

"Ah, good master, I have never had either father or mother! Indeed, you know that! I am a foundling; and if you send me away, I must perish with hunger."

"That *would* be a great misfortune, wouldn't it?" and the gruff landlord was about to give the poor boy a second blow, on the other cheek, to restore its proportions with that which had already swelled up under the first, when Henry, who had with difficulty restrained himself until now, rushed forward, with flashing eyes and an angry countenance—in short, with the aspect of an avenger.

Chapter Second.

DISAPPOINTMENT AND DESPERATION.

Henry's excessive hatred of injustice.

BEFORE we proceed further, it will be necessary to acquaint our readers with the leading trait in our hero's character ; a trait which we should call noble and generous, were it not that its excess in Henry had too often brought both himself and others into serious difficulties.

We refer to his hatred of every thing like injustice, and his passion for punishing it on the spot, and without any consideration—if only justice appeared to him to have been violated and might to be triumphing over right. Then quickly the hot blood would flush his cheek, and a gleam of fire would flash from his eye, as though to annihilate the oppressor. At such times his trembling voice would often give but poor expression to his anger ; for he would let fall only broken accents, instead of the eloquent, powerful words,

Why our hero was nicknamed Don Quixote.

which were suggested by his feelings. These things, of course, would operate greatly to his disadvantage; but this consideration did not restrain our young hot-head from acting over the part of a Don Quixote, at every opportunity. It was for this reason that his companions had given him this as a nickname; though *he* regarded it as a title of honor. And it is but fair to add, that, notwithstanding this ungovernable spirit, as often as he was involved in such affrays, his chivalrous spirit made him friends, and sometimes inspired even his adversaries with respect.

From the disposition we have just ascribed to Henry, you may imagine how he felt when he became a witness of what took place between the inhuman pastry-cook and the little boy, whose frank and friendly manners had already appealed to his heart. We may be sure that his liveliest sympathies went out to the poor victim. Regarding his tyrant with a look of profound abhorrence, Henry accosted him in a burst of passion, the spirit and meaning of which, however confused his words might be, could hardly have been doubtful.

“What’s that to you? Mind your own busi-

The landlord's abuse of Jacquot: Henry's defence of him.

ness, will you?" answered the fat landlord, and would certainly have added some abusive epithets; but having surveyed Henry from head to foot, and remarked his gentlemanly appearance, he wisely concluded to moderate his tone. So he began to tell how he had taken in Jacquot,* a poor foundling; and how the latter had never been any thing but a loss to him; and that's all he got for his kindness—a good-for-nothing, who forgot to skim the pot, broke every thing, dipped his fingers into the sauce, and then licked them; who — He would have continued thus to set forth the praises of poor Jacquot, and, like all angry people who are permitted to have their talk out, would probably have felt better and grown calmer for it; but Henry suddenly interrupted him:

"How can you upbraid him with being a foundling?" said he, with energy; "is it any crime of his that his parents have abandoned the poor boy? Shame on you, to abuse him so!" and now, made truly eloquent by the pity with which his little client had inspired him, Henry continued still longer in the same strain to the

* Pronounced *Jacko*.

The landlord enraged by Henry's invectives.

landlord, although Jacquot, relieved of his first terror, whispered in his ear not to revive his master's anger again, and all would now go well.

This counsel Henry would have followed, if he had been reasonable ; for the surly cook was, after all, more passionate than malicious, and usually became quiet, at such times, after he had sufficiently bewailed his losses. But Henry, once fairly begun, no longer had power to restrain himself. Out of regard for justice, it was no uncommon thing for him to become unjust, and to create new strife, where he only desired to restore peace.

This was so in the present instance. When the landlord heard himself so sharply addressed, all his former anger returned ; and not daring to vent it on the genteel young stranger, he broke out afresh upon the poor apprentice, whom he once more commanded to leave the house, and never again appear before his face.

Had not Henry been in a desolate condition, had his father yet lived, his proud and passionate nature would certainly have prompted him to prolong his violent interference—indeed, he

Henry pays for the dishes broken by Jacquot.

would have taken away Jacquot with him. But now he was reminded that he himself was quite as poor as his little *protégé*,* and really had nothing to offer him; and so, for the first time in his life, in such a case, he took counsel of his reason, and obtained sufficient mastery of himself, to speak with gentleness and moderation,—to such a degree, that the easily-pacified landlord presently proposed to keep Jacquot, if anybody would pay for the broken dishes.

“That will *I* do, gladly,” said Henry quickly; “but,” he continued, with some embarrassment, “I fear I have not enough money with me.”

Blushing over its scanty contents, he opened his purse, and counted out three francs† and some smaller money (all that it contained) upon the table. The fat landlord, either from a friendly disposition or because the dishes were really worth no more, was satisfied with this sum, in payment both for the damage done by Jacquot and the breakfast of his generous champion—and immediately left the room. As soon as Jacquot saw himself alone with Henry, his natural live-

* One under the protection of another.

† About *fifty-six cents*.

Jacquot's gratitude.Henry's promise.

liness, which, during the foregoing scene, had been suppressed by fear and amazement, returned; and he expressed his thanks to his young benefactor in the most feeling manner, and begged him, if he ever wanted any thing of him, only to call upon him. He would be sure to hasten to him, and serve him day and night, without asking any thing in return but a crust of bread.

"Ah, my dear sir," continued he, raising his large blue eyes to Henry's, with tenderness and fervor, "if you need a servant—a groom—how gladly would I serve you!"

"Alas, my poor friend," answered Henry, "I can do nothing for you; but I promise you that if I am ever in a situation to help you, I will take you with me; and that, too, for something better than a piece of bread. But now I must leave you. Write down for me the number of this house, that I may find it again; and show me the way through the streets to Grenelle, where I live."

Jacquot hastened to bring a printed card of his master's, who, not a little flattered that the genteel youth asked his permission, willingly

Henry before the door of his aunt's house.

allowed the little apprentice to accompany Henry to the Place l'Estrapade. Jacquot took off his apron, put on his Sunday jacket, and rejoicing as though nothing sad had happened to him, and as though some great happiness awaited him, led Henry through several narrow streets, by which he had not come, and which shortened the way.

Suddenly Henry stopped—— a low door of old brown wood, studded with great black, rusted nails, arrested his attention, and awakened all his recollections! This is certainly the door which he vainly sought in the morning. It is the same dilapidated wall, surmounted with broken bottles, to prevent thieves from climbing up. It is the very same great iron knocker,—representing a distorted face,—which used to sound so loud when anybody, seeking entrance, raised it and let it fall again. Henry can no longer doubt that he stands before the house of Madame l'Espinoy, and thanks Jacquot that he has enabled him to find it at last.

“I have some business here,” said he to him. “You have done me a great service in leading me through this street, which I could not find this morning. Now, then, we are even; but I still

The parting.Henry's sadness.

promise to share with you any good fortune which may befall me."

"No, no, dear sir, do not wait for good fortune before allowing me to go with you. Promise me, rather, that if you ever *need* my service, you will immediately call for me. See, now, how it distresses me to leave you. Indeed," continued the poor child, as he wiped his eyes with his sleeve, "no one has ever spoken so kindly to me as you."

Affected by the attachment of his little friend, Henry promised to see him again, without reference to his own failures or successes; but, sorry and ashamed not to be able to give him any thing, he hastened to say good-bye to the little fellow, who turned round in the street twenty times before he disappeared, to take a last look, and wave a last salute to his young benefactor.

After Henry had lost the good little Jacquot from his sight, he felt himself more desolate and forlorn than ever. His courage failed him to knock at the door he had sought so long. A thousand sad thoughts passed through his mind. But time was flying, the day was short, and he must come to a decision. At last he raised the heavy

A sliding-shutter.An old woman.

knocker. His heart throbbed at the thundering sound it gave out. With trepidation he waited what would follow.

It was some time before any thing was heard. At length the sound of steps and the jingling of keys announced the approach of some one to open the door. Nevertheless, to his great surprise, the door itself did not open ; but a sliding shutter, which, opening *in* the door, enabled one within to discover who might stand without. Through this an old face showed itself, and, bluntly demanded of Henry what he wanted. Henry told his name and his wish to speak with Madame l'Espinoy. But the old woman surveyed him with a suspicious glance, and answered that before she could admit him, she must receive the commands of her mistress. Thereupon, she hastily barred the door and disappeared, leaving Henry behind, little edified by his first reception at the house of his aunt. In spite of that, it was certain that the old lady still lived, and lived here, if they "must receive her commands." This assurance was at least a consolation, though his sense of justice had received a shock from this over-caution and suspicion towards an honest

The door opens.Our hero enters

stranger, who was thereby compelled to wait out in the street in the cold. In order to dissipate these feelings, he recalled his thoughts and endeavored to bring before his mind his old aunt, that he might guess how she would receive him; but all that he could remember was, that she was very old, and wore spectacles. After some time, the same step was heard, the same jingling of the keys, and, instead of the shutter, this time the door itself opened, to let Henry in. His old conductress, the housekeeper and business-woman of Madame l'Espinoy, after having locked the wall-door with particular care, went before Henry, and crossing a little gloomy court, paused before a small dilapidated house, to which its moss-covered roof and closed windows gave a still more cheerless and poverty-stricken appearance. Into this was Henry led, the old woman fastening this door with the same care as the first, and shoving a huge iron bar across it. And now they cross over a dark, icy-cold floor, at the further extremity of which is the chamber of Madame l'Espinoy. Here is yet another door, double-locked at top and bottom. At last Henry finds himself in the sanctuary, and wonders, as he looks

Furniture.A picture.

around upon the furniture, at the extraordinary care with which they protect it from thieves.

Every thing here bore the impress of age and parsimony. The large apartment was dimly lighted, for only the half of one window was opened;—for the purpose of shutting out the cold, which was not the less sensibly perceived. An old sofa and some old arm-chairs bore the marks of frequent mending, and an old wooden chest, those of worms, which had traced innumerable figures in its grain. The table in the middle was covered with an old tapestry, and the floor consisted of badly-matched slabs of stone, which served to increase the cheerlessness and poverty of the whole scene. Yet every thing was clean. A remarkable article, the principal decoration of the apartment, excited the curiosity of Henry, which he could gratify at pleasure, while the old house-keeper went again to announce him to the hostess. It was an old frame of curiously-carved wood, large and deep, before which Henry stood, lost in contemplation. The picture was of glass, in various colors, illustrating the story of Lazarus and the wicked Rich Man. Here might be seen the poor beggar, lying half-naked at the rich man's

Henry's aunt.Her poodle.

gate, and the dogs licking his sores; and there the wicked Dives, at his over-loaded table, surrounded by innumerable servants, yet heedless of the misery existing before his eyes.

Henry examined the details of the picture with interest; but soon his contemplations were interrupted by the housekeeper, who came to take him to be presented, at last, to Madame l'Espinoy.

"Speak softly and tread lightly," said she to him. But as quietly as he entered the chamber of the old dame, Henry's step awakened a fat little poodle, lying on the lap of its mistress, whence the ugly beast sprang heavily upon the floor, and broke out in a shrill, angry bark upon the new-comer.

"Here, Belotte! Belotte, here!" called the old lady, in feeble, but tender tones.

But Belotte continued to show her teeth and to bark still more loudly, until the housekeeper seized and carefully replaced her upon the knee of her mistress, who employed the most endearing words and caresses to pacify the disgusting creature.

During this scene, Henry had time to observe at pleasure Madame l'Espinoy and her surround-

An antique old woman.Our hero's reception.

ings. The chamber, which smelt of old books and snuff, was furnished in the same antique style as that which Henry had just left. The mistress of the house seemed to belong to the time when the furniture was made—so very old and wrinkled was she herself; and her dress, also, reminded you of the last century.

After Belotte, not without trouble, had been quieted, she placed on her peaked nose a pair of spectacles, through which she long and attentively regarded our hero.

“Well—you don’t look like your father; that, at least, is something,” she said, at last; “have you come to return the money which he owes me? I shall be glad of that.”

“Ah,” answered Henry, “you surely do not know that my father is dead and has left nothing.”

“Dead?” echoed the old dame, “left nothing? I don’t wonder at that. But what do you come here for? What do you want of *me*? I have no money. I cannot, and I will not, give you any thing—I tell you beforehand. If you expect, like your father, to live at my expense, you are very much mistaken—very much mistaken, indeed.”

A burst of passion.The old lady softened.

This was too much for the proud and sensitive Henry. Flushed with shame and anger, and with a trembling voice, which he in vain endeavored to steady, he exclaimed :

“God help me ! I will never ask any thing, never be under obligation to a relative, who receives me as you do. I see that dogs are better treated here than human beings. I see that, in spite of the picture of our Saviour which hangs over your bed, you have a heart without feeling for the unfortunate. I see—”

Henry would have continued longer in this strain, but the old lady, first astonished and then softened by these words, interrupted him, exclaiming, in tones which betrayed an inward relenting :

“Hold, young man ! do not go on in that way ! —listen to me—I have been so often deceived—see, your father—”

“My father !” cried Henry, now almost beside himself with rage, “my father was better than you. Don’t you dare to slander him ! Let me be gone !” and without deigning any further hearing to the old dame, who continued to address him with conciliatory language, our young

Henry's flight.A broken picture.

hot-head flew to the door, flung it open with a loud noise, and entered the ante-chamber. The poodle, waking affrighted from its sleep, sprang down and followed him, threatening to bite him; and Henry, endeavoring to escape this, fell against the picture of colored glass, which flew into pieces to the horror of everybody, and the redoubled yells of the frantic Belotte. Shocked at the damage he had done, Henry believed the house was enchanted, and seizing the heavy keys, which the housekeeper had laid upon the table, opened the first door—loosened the iron bar which fastened the second, and opened that easily—hastened across the little court in his flight—with the help of the keys, soon threw open the outside door, and fled through it like a thief pursued by gens-d'armes.*

* French police.

Chapter Third.

THE KNIGHT AND HIS SQUIRE.

Our hero's reflections.

Pride and passion.

RETURNING to the desolate dwelling of his father, Henry came once more to his senses, and began to recall every thing which had happened to him on this eventful day. The scene of violence which he had witnessed between Jacquot and his master was nothing in comparison with his own interview with his aunt. He remembered every circumstance, every word. Contrary to his wish, he could hardly repress a regret that he had not given Madame l'Espinoy time to finish what she began to say in gentle, conciliatory terms, for these had almost compensated for the offensive words she had uttered at first. Yet, like all proud, impetuous spirits, he endeavored to persuade himself that he was right in resenting on the spot the injury of which he had been the subject; and as he repeated this

over and over to himself, he really became satisfied that all the wrong was upon the other side, and that he had nothing to reproach himself with.

Had Henry, instead of listening to the voice of his pride and his resentment, followed his first impulse, which prompted him to repent of his impetuosity, he would perhaps have sought a reconciliation by returning to his aunt with some sort of apology. But, as we have said, Henry hated injustice towards anybody, and still more towards himself, and instead of trying to soften, by gentleness and patience, those who, in his view, had been guilty of this, he would become even more angry than they, and proceed to make mortal enemies of them, instead of disarming them by a wise silence, or winning them by kind and soothing words.

And so it happened that the young man, who, by his passionate temper and false love of justice, had before incurred disagreeable consequences, prepared this time for himself a long succession of privations and hardships, by repelling the only dependence which still remained to him in the person of his old aunt.

A business man.Dissembling pride.

Scarcely had Henry strengthened himself in his resolution not to return to Madame l'Espinoy's, when the man of business who had spoken so coldly to him in the morning entered his chamber, and inquired what were his plans for the future.

"It must be some time before you can obtain the free scholarship: until then you must try to earn an honest living. This house is rented to another, and to-morrow morning you must leave it. You must also look out for another lodging and a protector, for I can do nothing more for you."

"I ask nothing of you," interrupted Henry, proudly. "To-morrow morning I will leave the house. Give yourself no trouble about me, sir; I know where to find lodgings and situations in plenty."

The poor boy dissembled in uttering these words, which were forced from him by his wounded pride. A more desolate situation than his own could hardly have been found, but to betray this to the unsympathizing agent, would have been in Henry's opinion a weakness. It was better to starve than to ask this man's pro-

A soliloquy.A resolution.

tection, or attempt to influence him more favorably towards himself.

When Henry was alone, however, his anger gave way, and he wept bitterly. But now, subduing his weakness, and finding strength in his sense of the injustice with which he had been treated, he exclaimed bitterly—

“No; men do not deserve that I should beg of them; it is not worth while to try for a situation. Everywhere I see nothing but wickedness and oppression; people misusing strength and power against weakness and misfortune. I am resolved. I will be independent, and seek neither master nor protector. They called me Don Quixote at school, and now I will indeed go out like him upon adventures, to protect the weak and oppressed—to oppose myself to all the powers of tyranny and injustice. For that, one need not mistake flocks of sheep for armies, nor windmills for giants—that is all nonsense! but it *is* beautiful to contend with the wicked and to help the poor and unfortunate. It is settled. I will have no other master than myself.”

After this fine soliloquy, Henry felt as though elevated to the third heaven. Like the renown-

Money wanted.How to raise it.

ed Knight of La Mancha,* after whom his companions had named him, could he have had some grim tyrant in his hands, he felt able to conquer and slay him in a twinkling, so much strength and enthusiasm had his new plans afforded him.

His stomach, which was gnawed with hunger, and the necessity of contriving the means to carry out his fine plans, called him back once more to this world, and eating a crust of hard bread, he said to himself—

“Let’s see ; what are my means, my resources ? As far as money is concerned, I have little, but I have fine linen and beautiful clothes, which, once sold, would bring me enough. I need only a cloak, some linen, and coarse clothes, to go out into the wide world. My watch also, if I were to sell it, would bring me a considerable sum, but that, I hope, will not be necessary. I can get along without. Once out of this hateful city, fortune will perhaps come back to me.”

With these reflections Henry busied himself the rest of the morning, and also during the night, for they appeared to him again in dreams,

* Don Quixote.

Clothes for sale." 'Tis naught," saith the buyer.

and mingled themselves with thoughts of Jacques, of Madame l'Espinoy and her old house, barricaded like a fortress. Early awake and up, as those are wont to be who would put into execution an important plan for the day, Henry began to make a bundle of almost all his clothes, the greater part of his linen, and some articles of little value which yet remained to him. All these he placed in a carriage which he had called, and having notified the porter* that he should leave on the next day, he directed the coachman to a house in the neighborhood of the Jardin des Plantes, where, the day before, he had observed the shop of an old merchant. When he arrived there, the poor boy, not without much blushing and stammering, made known his wish to dispose of the articles which he had brought. A long time was spent in the inspection of each article. The old merchant handed them to his wife, who beat down the price, shrugging her shoulders, as if to say that all this was worth nothing, or at least very little.

Finally, after the old couple had whispered together a long time, the woman offered Henry

* The door-keeper of a Parisian house.

The bargain closed.A change of dress.

fifty francs for his entire wardrobe, which was really worth four times as much. But our young enthusiast, impatient to commence his wandering life, and thinking that fifty francs would be an inexhaustible treasure for him, hastened to close the bargain, without making any opposition, which so much pleased the covetous couple, that the old woman, whose breakfast stood by the fire, invited Henry, with a smiling countenance, to drink a cup of coffee before he went out again into the cold air of a cloudy March morning.

Poverty and helplessness humble the proudest spirits. Henry took with thankfulness the portion of breakfast which she offered to him; and with a better filled purse than he had ever had in his life, departed from the old couple, and went stoutly again on his way to buy other things necessary for the life which he proposed to lead. A cloak of dark stuff, which he put on over his coat, was his first purchase. He exchanged his hat for one more suitable than his elegant cap, and buckled a little leathern knapsack upon his shoulders. In this he could carry his entire possessions. After he had concluded

his preparations, Henry recollected that he had promised the good little Jacquot to seek him again. On the point of leaving Paris, perhaps forever, he resolved to bid him good-by, and stood again before the door of the pastry-cook, who had been so enraged on the previous day.. It was at first his intention not to enter. His more humble appearance of to-day too little resembled the elegant one which had gained the consideration of the cook the day before, for him to wish to show himself to that individual. Henry, therefore, peeped stealthily into the window, in the hope of seeing Jacquot through the blinds, and making a sign to him to come out. Indeed but a short time elapsed before the young cook saw his protector standing before the window, and without awaiting his call, rushed from the house, and urged him to come in, for his master would be away the whole morning, and there was no one in the room where Henry had breakfasted on the preceding day.

The good little Jacquot knew not how to express his joy at seeing Henry so soon again; but when he learned that he had come to take leave of him, to go away forever, the poor child began

Uniting of fortunes.Happiness of Jacquot.

to weep bitterly, and begged Henry so earnestly to take him with him, that the latter consented, and found the plan so feasible and natural, that he wondered he had not thought of it before.

“You are unfortunate and an orphan, like myself,” said he to him; “you have nothing to lose; so if you really wish to share my fortunes, although I can offer you nothing, yet I will gladly take you round the world with me. Nevertheless, consider it well; perhaps we shall lead a sad life.”

“Ah, not for me; indeed, not a mournful life with you!” exclaimed Jacquot; “I shall certainly be happy in my situation: you shall see. I am already happy!”—and the poor orphan danced around the room for joy, as if he had just entered the service of a prince.

The two light-hearts busied themselves yet a good while over what remained for them to do to carry out their plan. Jacquot's baggage did not give him much trouble. He would put it into a great sack which belonged to him. He had also a cloak and a cloth cap. As for money, he did not possess a red copper, but Henry

*Jacquot's deference to Henry.**His happy disposition.*

thought he had, for a long time to come, enough for both.

It was arranged that Jacquot should leave the house of the landlord secretly at daybreak on the following morning. Henry should wait for him at a Barrier* which he pointed out to him, from which the two young adventurers agreed to commence their travels. After repeating his directions, Henry left Jacquot, whose joyful countenance sufficiently showed the happiness which he expected on the following morning, and in the future, in the company of his new and beloved master, for it pleased Jacquot to address Henry by that title; and the respectful tone which he assumed towards him in the outset, proved that sorrow and misfortune had not obliterated his native characteristics of modesty and delicacy.

Indeed, this poor foundling possessed one of those happy natures which seizes upon the good, and easily finds a remedy for the evil. Courteous and modest towards every one, he could disobey no command, still less refuse a request. If, on the one hand, his kind and tender heart

* Part of the wall of the city.

Religious principles.Trust in Providence.

could cherish no enmity towards any one who had injured him, he felt, on the other, an excessive thankfulness for the least favor, and to show it would gladly have sacrificed himself a thousand times over. Bright, communicative, of vigorous health, Jacquot bore on his fresh, round face the marks of a prosperity which, nevertheless, he had never known. Never in his life had his appetite been fully satisfied; often, even, had he gone hungry to bed, but always without murmuring, for he soon called up comforting thoughts, under the influence of which he soon fell asleep. A good priest who taught him the first principles of religion in the orphan school, where he had remained till the age of eight years, had planted so deeply in his heart a belief in the providence of God, that Jacquot, in every misfortune which befell him, found comfort in the conviction that, if he made himself worthy by good behavior, that Providence would, sooner or later, bestow on him the prosperity of which he now appeared so destitute.

Shrewd and active as he was, Jacquot, at the age of twelve years, when Henry became acquainted with him, could only read and write a

Shrewdness of Jacquot.Governed by impulse.

little. Compelled the whole day to labor and to serve, the poor child could reserve almost no time to himself: besides, none of those who surrounded him were able to teach him any thing; but his heart, better disciplined than his mind, directed him what to do in difficult cases. Ever true and good, still a certain shrewdness never failed him when he wished to extricate himself or others from any difficulty in which they might be placed.

With all these good traits, Jacquot had the failing of allowing himself to be carried away quite too easily by his feelings; and now when he encountered, for the first time, a young man of gentle birth and breeding, who treated him with a kindness to which he was unaccustomed, we have seen how ready he was to follow him and to share his lot, without troubling himself about the object and the means of the new mode of life to which Henry had devoted himself. It satisfied him to know himself beloved, and to think that he could become useful to him who loved him and protected him. More Jacquot did not desire.

The day after the conversation between the

A letter.Sancho Panza.

two friends, Jacquot began his preparations for the journey. Two dark shirts and some few other clothes, placed in the large bag of which he had spoken to Henry, with a very few other things, only half filled it, so that Jacquot could easily hang it over his shoulders. After which, he addressed himself to the task of bidding adieu to his old master in the following manner :

“dere sir

do not spose I leve you on acount of the blo, but I have found a good plase, and you will surtenly find a better survant than poor

JACQUOT.”

“I have washt up the dishes and brusht your things.”

At seven o'clock the two fellow-travellers met at the Barrier, as they had agreed. When Henry saw the ruddy little Jacquot, made fatter still by the sack which he bore upon his shoulders, he could not help smiling at the thought that the little chub made not a bad Sancho Panza; while he himself, with his tall and meager figure, represented the “knight of the

Henry and Jacquot set forth on their journey.

rueful visage," whose noble deeds he desired to imitate. But, instead of the lance, Henry carried a strong staff in his hand, and his cloak and cap reminded one little of the imposing appearance of the great Don Quixote. Yet he had provided himself with a sort of dagger, which he stuck through his girdle, and which, as he said, should serve to defend him against any attack, and to protect him from all injustice.

Thus equipped, our two heroes set forth on their memorable journey, seeking adventure and fortune with buoyant steps and cheerful hearts.

Chapter Fourth.

THE FIRST BATTLE WITH THE WORLD, AND ITS RESULTS.

Return of Spring.

Nature awaking.

It was in the middle of the month of March, when Henry and Jacquot started upon their way. The snow, which a few days before had covered the earth, had vanished, as if by magic, under the beams of a brilliant sun, and already the buds upon the trees, the springing grass, and the fresh green of the fields might be seen. They heard the birds twittering joyfully, celebrating the return of spring; in short, all Nature appeared as if, in waking from her long slumber, she would adorn herself anew.

The fine weather, the pure and bracing air, together with a sense of freedom and independence, filled our heroes with health and hope. At first they walked on a long time, without speaking, and often looked back; for, without knowing

Taking rest.Breakfast.

why, the involuntary fear of being followed disquieted them—as all who undertake a hazardous enterprise (whatever charm it may otherwise have for them), usually at first experience a certain disquiet.

But becoming now secure as their distance from the city increased, the two friends could enjoy, undisturbed, their happy condition. They seated themselves upon a hillock to rest for a time and refresh themselves. The first thing that Jacquot did was to obtain Henry's knapsack by his entreaties, added to some little force. While Henry resisted, the little ex-apprentice loosened the strap which was fastened to his arm, and assured him, half-joking, half-serious, that he was as strong as a Turk; that he was there for the purpose of carrying the goods of his master, and serving him; so that Henry was finally obliged to give up, and to assist in fastening the knapsack, together with the other bundle, upon Jacquot's back. As a reward for his service (about which our hero was in truth better satisfied than his pride permitted him to show, for the unwonted burden had oppressed and wearied him in walking), he divided with Jacquot a large slice of bread and butter

A butcher.A young lamb.

and a piece of roast-beef, which he had taken with him for their common breakfast, and then cut a knotty branch from a tree, from which he whittled a stick for Jacquot.

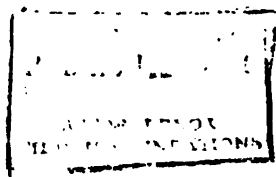
Refreshed and strengthened by their rest, the two started on their way, expecting to sleep in a town, which Henry had marked on his travelling chart, as the place of their first night's lodging.

Until now, they had remarked nothing worthy of notice. Jacquot related, by the way, in answer to the inquiries of his master, how his life had passed in sorrow and unceasing labor, and how he had received many blows besides the box on the ear of which Henry knew. At the thought of the injustice and cruelty which the poor child had suffered, Henry trembled with rage, and would have been glad to kill all who had been guilty of it.

Suddenly a sight which was very appropriate to their conversation arrested their attention.

A butcher, who led by a rope a young lamb to be slaughtered in the town, was beating it unmercifully, although the weak legs of the little animal appeared hardly able to support it. Henry, probably delighted to give his young servant





An adventure.The lamb rescued.

a proof of his courage, and, at the same time, to gratify his detestation of such cruelty, went up to the butcher and haughtily ordered him to allow the poor animal a moment for rest.

"Mighty Cæsar!" replied the rough man, smiling contemptuously, "only see the little fools trying to frighten me! Look here, my lads, you had better go quietly about your business, and let me drive my beast as I choose."

At these words, the butcher gave the lamb such a blow, that it fell down, uttering a piteous and mournful bleat. But our hero was at hand, and in a moment he had drawn his dagger, and cut the cord which held the lamb. As soon as the animal learned the service which had been rendered him, he sprang up, and, his strength returning with his liberty, he fled across the fields, while our young avenger of injustice and oppression fled also in another direction, calling to Jacquot to follow him. But Jacquot, more heavily laden and less active than his master, received a severe blow on his legs from the whip of the pursuing butcher, and had only just time to spring over a broad ditch, to escape his rage. Fortunately the master of the lamb was too cor-

What courage can do.What Jacquot thinks.

pulent to imitate Jacquot's leap ; and, besides, it was more important to him to regain possession of his lamb. So Jacquot could lie down upon the ground, and recover from his astonishment, and the pain of the blow he had received.

He did not remain long alone. Henry, who turned around to see whether Jacquot followed him, as soon as he perceived him lying upon the ground, hastened to help him.

"What has happened to you, my poor Jacquot? Has the hateful butcher beaten you?"

"No, no," answered Jacquot, who feared it might grieve his young master if he acknowledged the blow to him, "it is nothing. Never mind, dear master, let me only take breath ; after that I can run again as well as before."

Relieved about the condition of his young servant, Henry seated himself by his side.

"You see," said he, with energy and pride, "that, if one only has the courage, he can easily compel the wicked to abandon their injustice and tyranny towards the weak. We have restored the poor lamb to liberty, without suffering any evil in consequence."

"Evil enough," thought Jacquot, though he

Elated with victory.Dinner at an inn.

said nothing; but, sighing, contented himself with rubbing the place where his leg smarted severely from the blow of the lash. Accustomed to suffering, and well used to conquering it, Jacquot was again upon his legs, and while he walked along by the side of his master, he listened patiently to the congratulations which Henry uttered, upon the fortunate rescue of the sheep, and this victory over its tormentor. Our young Don Quixote was so much intoxicated by this first success, so absorbed in this memorable occurrence, that he did not remark that the poor little Jacquot limped somewhat, and was far from showing the cheerfulness with which he had set out on his journey.

Meanwhile, hunger and fatigue began to make themselves felt. Henry ceased his boasting, to order dinner at an inn for travellers, which stood by the way. After they had partaken of a good meal, our two bold travellers continued on their way, and reached without further hinderance the great town, where they intended to pass the night.

A pretty large, but very old house, with the sign of "The Golden Lamb," received the two hungry and weary wayfarers. On entering it,

A suspicious landlord.Startling incident.

they ordered supper and a bed of the landlord ; but the youth and appearance of our heroes inspired him with no great confidence, and he inquired bluntly, if they had any money. This rude question Henry answered with such a proud look and important manner, that it removed the doubts of the landlord, who said immediately that the morning would be time enough to reckon with them, and that he saw plainly that he was dealing with a young gentleman.

Our two friends needed rest too much to be difficult in the choice of their beds, which were shown them after supper, in a long, dark, and dirty hall, where several travellers were already snoring. In spite of the hardness of the bed, in spite of the fleas, in spite even of the noise, which prevailed a part of the night in the tavern, they slept without interruption. Jacquot waked first, and was very much amazed at seeing a dark, fat man, rising up from Henry's bed, over which he had stooped, and from which he had just taken something he held in his hand. But how great was his astonishment on recognizing in the fat man, who looked sternly at him, the wicked butcher of the morning, on whom Henry had

The butcher again.Henry's purse.

vented his indignation, and who had left behind him such painful memorials on the calves of Jacquot's legs. When the butcher approached Jacquot, the latter believed that his hour had come. Involuntarily he closed his eyes and commended himself to the protection of God. But the butcher, contented with the revenge which he had just taken upon Henry (for he had taken away his purse from under his pillow), did nothing to little Jacquot, and satisfied himself with triumphantly showing him the purse, while he muttered :

“ Move not, or you are a dead boy ! Say to your lubber of a comrade, that I have taken satisfaction for my lamb. Good-by ! ” and then the fat man vanished, leaving behind little Jacquot, half-dead with terror.

If Henry had been no quarreler, and not so impetuous against injustice, Jacquot would, perhaps, have waked him to recover the money, and run after the thief ; but the fear of plunging his young master into greater misfortunes, in a new contest with the formidable butcher, constrained him to silence, and he laid himself down again, without disturbing Henry in his sleep—thinking to himself that he would learn the unwelcome

A good deacon.A disagreeable surprise.

news early enough, without being aroused on purpose. At last our hero awaked, and noticing Jacquot, who stood mournfully by his bed, he said joyfully to him :

“Courage, my friend; I have had a good dream, which surely promises something fortunate for us. Only think, I was master of a great castle, and the wicked butcher, whom I deprived yesterday of his beautiful little lamb, had been taken prisoner. He begged me to set him at liberty; and promised to give me, if I would, a beautiful house of gold.”

“Ah, dearest master, are you really sure that he offered you gold? Did he not rather *take* your gold?”

“How—what, my gold!” exclaimed Henry, alarmed at the emphasis with which Jacquot said this, and following the direction of his eyes, he quickly raised his pillow, where, on going to bed, he had deposited his treasure. But ah, no purse was there; no means to pursue further, with happy hearts, their adventures! The treasury is vanished! Farewell success! farewell freedom and independence!

Still Henry sought to deceive himself: “Jac-

Of playing tricks.Jacquot's statement.

quot," said he earnestly, "no foolish tricks, I pray you; I detest them. To alarm another, for the sake of amusing yourself, is unworthy—is wrong. Come, give me up my purse, instantly, or I shall be angry."

"Ah, master, would to Heaven I *had* taken it! Your purse! it should quickly return to you again. But I tell you that the accursed butcher has been here this morning. He has stolen it. I saw him with my own eyes. He took it from under your pillow, and then he approached me, and threatened to kill me, if I should cry out, and told me to say to you that he had taken it in satisfaction for his lamb."

"But why," cried Henry angrily, "why did you not call me? I would give my purse and every thing I possess, if I could have chastised the knave at my pleasure. But perhaps there is yet time for that. Quick! help me!"—and Henry, springing from the bed, dressed himself hastily, and ran towards the kitchen, where he found the landlord.

"Have you just seen a fat man go out from here?" said Henry; "he has robbed me, and I must run after him."

Pay your reckoning.A dilemma.

"Hold, comrade!" cried the landlord on his side, "you certainly will *not* leave me, without paying your reckoning. I am not quite so stupid! Old Dennis knows that trick. He who has just left my house is an honest man, who slept here, and has paid me, like a gentleman. As for you, you shall not move a step until I see the money you should have paid me yesterday. Come! hand over, if you please!"

Henry, beside himself to think that he was consuming the precious time, and to see himself about to be deprived of his revenge on the butcher, took a desperate resolution, and laying his beautiful watch in the hands of the landlord, said :

"Here is a pledge; and Jacquot also will remain here, to wait for me."

At these words Henry escaped, went through the town, and ran like a madman along the highway, without reflecting that perhaps this was not the direction the butcher had taken. We will leave him to revenge, by his eloquence and his courage, this new injustice, and return to little Jacquot, standing amazed by the side of the landlord, who was as much amazed as he.

Made prudent, wise, and docile by misfortune,

A wedding on hand.Jacquot's services engaged.

and inclined to gentleness by his happy nature, Jacquot sought, as soon as he recovered himself, to make a friend of the landlord, who was already quite mollified by the watch that had been left with him. Jacquot concealed the history of the lamb, which he instinctively felt, was not so creditable to Henry as the latter believed it to be, and succeeded in interesting the landlord in the success of his young master's chase after his money. Having learned that a wedding banquet was to take place on the same day in the house, and that the landlord was embarrassed about the arrangements, Jacquot offered his services to him. The landlord accepted them, especially as the little cook promised him that he would make some of the dishes, which he had learned from his old master in Paris. But thinking, before every thing else, of his young master, Jacquot arranged that this day's labor in the kitchen should pay for their expenses of the night before, and to-day; and that the watch should be given to Henry on his return. In this way, the little Jacquot, by gentleness and reason, turned matters to the advantage of his master, while the latter, in his youthful heat and with all his knowledge,

Jacquot chief cook.High wages offered.

only fatigued himself and ran around, here and there, without plan and without profit.

Jacquot, with a white apron tied about him, and a cotton cap upon his head, skilfully managed the stew-pans in the kitchen, though often stopping to listen to the sounds without, in the hope of at last hearing Henry return. In spite of his anxiety on this account, our young apprentice, suddenly raised to the rank of chief-cook, took great care to do credit to his culinary education.

Never had the tavern of "the Golden Lamb" seen a better seasoned fricassee, more savory sauces, or better prepared dishes, than those which came from the hands of Jacquot; so that the delighted landlord proposed to him to retain him in his service at high wages.

"No!" promptly answered Jacquot, "I serve a good master, and would not leave him so, at a time when he has lost his all."

The wedding guests would soon be coming, for people are early in the country. Jacquot gave the last look to his stew-pans, but with a heavy heart, for a long time had elapsed, and Henry had not yet returned. At last his voice was

Henry sad and weary.

"All goes well."

heard, and the happy little cook, after having directed the servants in the kitchen to pay good attention to the sauces, ran to meet him.

But ah, how did Jacquot find his young master! Extremely tired, he can scarcely stand upright. His face, covered with dust, bears the marks of discouragement and deep dissatisfaction.

"I have found nothing," said he, with a weak voice, "though I have gone back more than four miles. Jacquot, what will become of us?"

"All goes well," answered Jacquot with a forced smile; "your watch is to be given back to you. We can remain here till morning, and it will cost us only my labor to-day in the kitchen; to-morrow we will find means to help ourselves in some other way, you shall see—and then we will go cheerfully on our journey. But now, if you will do me a favor, lie down on the bed, and I will bring you a good dish of broth."

Fatigue and want of food made Henry reasonable. He followed the counsel of his faithful little servant, who, in spite of the pressing labors which called him to the kitchen, found time to

Splendid banquet.A dove in the pastry.

carry to his master the promised broth and some nice dishes, which Henry ate, and immediately fell into a sound sleep.

The wedding banquet was splendid. Jacquot, relieved from the anxiety which the long absence of his master occasioned, had ornamented the table with peculiar care. Green boughs adorned the great dining-room and formed a canopy over the heads of the newly-married pair. A dove, inclosed in a thick pastry, flew up when they took away the lid, exciting great admiration among the guests, and much more when the landlord assured them that these wonders, as well as his dishes, had been prepared by a renowned Parisian cook, whom he had sent for, for this particular occasion.

After Jacquot had finished his labors in the kitchen, he went out to see how Henry was, and found him up, and much refreshed by several hours of good sleep.

"Jacquot," said he, "I believe that the knave who has robbed me lives in N —, where there are many butchers. If your labors to-day in the kitchen have not made you too tired, we will go there, and I will stay in the place till I bring the

"Nursing his wrath to keep it warm."

rascal to confession. It is less on account of the money than my honor."

Poor Jacquot, who hoped that Henry's fatigue and useless travel upon the road would have abated his anger and induced him to think no more of revenge, was alarmed to hear him speak thus ; yet, too timid and submissive to oppose his young master, he hung his head sadly, and was silent.

"I see, you are tired," said Henry ; "well, sleep a few hours ; I will wake you, so that we may reach N —— at daybreak."

"Certainly, certainly, dear master," said Jacquot, scratching his head.

But now he found, in his natural cleverness and his love for his young master, the best means to dissuade him from his dangerous scheme.

"Do you know," said he, "I was thinking that if we reach N —— without a copper, no one will receive us, and we can make no inquiries after the wicked butcher ; while we—if you would—if you would be so good——"

"Let me hear, what?—speak out !"

"You have told me that it is no disgrace to earn one's bread, and that you could play the

A music-director.Cakes and music.

violin. Well, now, the violin player, who was to have played this evening with the clarionet-player, is sick, and the landlord has been looking everywhere for one. He has offered five francs. If you are willing, my dear good master, you can serve him. I, on my part, have already promised, for one franc, to beat the-triangle."

Henry had to laugh at this proposal. But the thought of playing at a wedding-dance, and of being indispensable to it, flattered his vanity. To Jacquot's great delight, he consented to give up, for the present, his pursuit of the butcher, and to spend the evening as music-director of the village. Jacquot jumped for joy, and hastened to impart the news to the landlord, who took down an old violin from the wall, that Henry might put it in order for the evening. And now, little Jacquot, who is always thinking of the profit and advantage of his master, makes a new bargain with the landlord. He offers to make little cakes and other delicacies for the ball, in exchange for the violin and triangle, which, by this agreement, are to remain in their possession, after they have played on them throughout the evening. Jacquot had a purpose in getting possession of these two in-

How the musicians acquitted themselves.

struments, which we shall soon see was a good one.

Our young readers, could they have been present at the ball, would have laughed right heartily at the appearance of Henry and Jacquot, as the accomplished village-musicians. They were accompanied by an old blind man, who played the clarionet; and all three were placed upon a platform. It will be safest to say but little about the concord of the instruments. As good luck would have it, Henry knew the dances which the clarionet played; and Jacquot, who had an ear for music, beat the triangle with such skill, one would have thought he had never done any thing else in his life; so that the dance went merrily on, and the wedding guests kept it up till far into the night. Henry had well earned his five francs, for when he went to bed his arm ached, so zealously had he played on his fiddle. Nor did Jacquot less deserve the promised twenty sous, for the splendid abilities he had displayed upon the triangle. It was he, who, on the following morning, called for the two sums; for his young master would have been ashamed to receive such wages, and from the hands of an inn-

Henry sleeps soundly after the evening's exertion.

keeper. Moreover, wearied by his tramp in the morning and by the long interval in which he had played the violin, Henry slept soundly, forgetting his stolen property, and his plan of pursuing the thief anew before daybreak. At that hour, Jacquot was already in his clothes.

Chapter Fifth.

THE CONCERT AND ITS PROCEEDS.

A change of plan.

Happy as a prince.

THE day was far advanced when Henry first awaked. Jacquot, who had privately made inquiries and arranged his plans, proposed to Henry to visit a great fair in a neighboring town. He repeated to him so often that he would in all probability find the butcher there, where he would be likely to bring his cattle, that our young Don Quixote determined to alter his plan of yesterday, and accede to Jacquot's proposal.

And so we see our adventurers set out anew upon their march—the master absorbed in rather melancholy thoughts with reference to the unpunished butcher, the servant happy as a prince, although laden like a mule; for the violin and triangle, carefully stowed away between the two shirts in Jacquot's knapsack, added to Henry's

Jacquot's good-humor.Its effect on Henry.

portmanteau, made the poor little fellow's back look like the hump of a camel. He took care, however, to conduct his master in a direction where he had good reason to believe they would *not* encounter the butcher. Last evening he had had better food than in all his life before. Henry owed his five francs to his good counsel, and he himself his twenty sous, the fiddle and the triangle, to his own excellent management—were not these weighty reasons why the little Jacquot should sing for joy?

At noon he spread some nice morsels, with which the innkeeper had supplied him, before Henry, who, in his turn, gladly shared them with his little servant. Sitting upon a bank by the roadside, they recalled the two events of yesterday. Jacquot understood so well how to brighten up Henry by his comic remarks on the wedding guests, and his stories of things that had happened in the kitchen, that the latter forgot the butcher, and set out again upon the way, almost as cheerful as his clever little valet.

Shortly after noon they reached the town where the fair was held, and the show which there presented itself to our young heroes was

Our heroes at a fair.A general holiday.

well calculated to gratify them. On both sides of the principal street stood booths, with ribbons, silk stuffs, steel wares, toys, gingerbread, and a great variety of other objects. Peasants in holiday attire, soldiers, citizens, and children all crowded around the booth to buy or to gaze. The children blew their trumpets and beat their drums, while farther on a hand-organ accompanied a song about a terrible murder, to which the bystanders listened with intense interest. All was life and joy, and one could see that the whole town was awake and inclined to pleasure. Henry would gladly have longer surveyed this pageant, but the bent back of poor Jacquot was continually jostled by the crowd, who were irritated by this obstacle in the way, and besides, the dust-covered clothes of wayfarers were hardly suited to these festive scenes. So Henry inquired the way to a tavern, where he might probably find accommodations, and they both went thither through a side street. Here they were obliged to be content with a little garret, with only one bed and a miserable stool, for the whole house was full of merchants and others who had come to the fair.

Enterprising Jacquot.A concert on hand.

But delighted by the lively appearance which the little town at this time presented, and by the prospect of enjoying himself here several days, Henry found every thing to his mind, and began to dress himself. Going to the kitchen for water, Jacquot met a young man who, as they told him, was a musician, and was about to give a concert on the next evening; and suddenly taking his resolution, he knocked at the door of this young man, and inquired politely whether he would not need a violinist at his concert. His master, Monsieur de Clerval, he assured him, played very finely.

“And I play the piano,” answered the young musician; “that will agree nicely. Go and say to Monsieur de Clerval that if he will play some pieces at my concert, I will give him a share of the proceeds.”

Jacquot, overjoyed at the fortunate result of his experiment, ran to Henry to tell him of the opportunity which thus offered to earn money in an easy and agreeable manner.

“But how can you wish me to play in a concert?” said Henry. “At a village wedding—that might do! but we are here in a town, not a

How to elicit applause.Announced for the concert.

large one, it is true, but it probably furnishes critics, and the young man is undoubtedly a distinguished artist."

"By no means," answered Jacquot; "he cannot do much more than you. Pardon me, master, I listened at the door while he was playing. Such stumbling and stopping! I know all about it. At my master's in Paris there were parties sometimes, and we always had first-rate music. See, master, shall I tell you how to produce the grand effect? Well, you must come out strong—let the strings sound with a grand crash. Then you must make violent gestures about it, and cut faces, as though it cost a tremendous effort. We used to have a violin-player among us—blazes! how he did sweat! and how the people did clap! I assure you he did not play as well as you, but he made a terrible noise, that pierced through one's very bone and marrow."

Henry could not help laughing at the simple-hearted praises and counsels of Jacquot, and by degrees became reconciled to the thought of the concert, and suffered himself to be announced by the young musician. The two artists were,

Enough for his money.Important preliminaries.

as Jacquot had truly guessed, pretty nearly alike in ability, and had taken no pains to prepare themselves—both reckoning more upon the ignorance of their hearers than upon their own talents for success. Moreover, the tickets were at so low a price, that one must have been unreasonable indeed to demand any more for his money.

It was decided that "Monsieur de Clerval, pupil of Beriot," should play long and brilliant variations, which he undertook to execute by the noisy expedients recommended by Jacquot. Then a national song, which would certainly please the fair-people. Arnold, the young pianist, for his part, was to attempt to imitate the performances of Liszt, whose flowing hair and skipping gait he had already assumed. After the new confederates had arranged these important preliminaries, and had written numerous placards, with great letters, to allure the people to the projected concert, they had a good dinner served to celebrate their new acquaintance, and the triumph for which they hoped on the following day. The remainder of the intervening time they spent in the town, examining the booths,

An imposing bill.

Henry practising.

and preparing themselves for the concert, notices of which were already posted on the door of the little theatre where it was to take place. After much desultory talk, the two friends recollected that Italian names, in matters of music, are more imposing than those of a more domestic aspect. So they tore down the first bills, and wrote new ones, as follows :

“Signor Arnoldi and Signor Clervallini will have the honor to give a concert this evening, and to perform various pieces on the piano and violin. Having received the most rapturous applause in the principal cities of the continent, they hope to meet the approbation of the enlightened citizens of M——, which they will do all in their power to deserve.”

For several hours Henry practised successive brilliant variations, with which he had before been somewhat familiar, and also the national song, which he exerted himself to get up on short notice, and on the principle suggested by Jacquot, of making the greatest possible noise. The violin earned by Jacquot having been newly strung, was far better than one could at first have believed, and Jacquot polished its wood

Jacquot's excitement.Henry's apprehensions.

so carefully, that it made a very good appearance.

Our little cook was in a sort of fever in expectation of the concert, and the effect which his master was to produce in it. He did not cease striving to inspire him with courage, and to hold up before him the examples of those violin-players of whom he had told him the evening before, and whose animated performance at his master's, the pastry-cook of the Jardin des Plantes, had been crowned with such success. In spite of all this, Henry was not without fear. The thought of being hissed, of being the mark of universal disapprobation, made his pride recoil, and without Jacquot he never would have had the courage to incur this danger. But it was now too late to recede. The time of the concert approached, and "Signor Clervallini," dressed with the greatest care—that is to say, in the only dress which he had, and from which, to be sure, Jacquot had not spared the brush—went down to "Signor Arnoldi," with whom he walked to the hall of the theatre.

Arnold himself had taken the direction of the internal arrangements. The piano was placed

A full house.The concert opens.

on an elevation, before the row of benches which was to receive the audience. The lamps burned brightly, and Arnold seated himself at the door to take the tickets and receive the proceeds.

During this time Henry remained behind a curtain in the background, from which, without being himself observed, he could see the spectators arrive. The first who appeared, and modestly took a seat on the last bench, was Jacquot, washed with soap and anointed with beef's marrow, in order to do credit to his master. Then followed several others, and Henry had at last the pleasure of seeing the hall gradually filled—from which he might reckon on a handsome harvest of receipts.

Then Arnold came back, exulting over the number of hearers, and after allowing the impatient audience to call several times, he stepped forth, and opened the concert with a long performance upon the piano, which received some applause—more, perhaps, because it was ended than because it had pleased. Then Henry appeared. He had, in remembrance of Jacquot's encouragements and advice, summoned all his courage. Yet at this particular moment, when

The "grand crash."A storm of applause.

he appeared publicly for the first time in his life, he was certainly not without embarrassment. Meanwhile he did not forget to make the "grand crash" on the strings, to draw his bow with a sufficient number of bodily contortions, to incline his head upon his shoulder, and to accompany each movement with a particular grimace, such as he had seen in several great masters, and as Jacquot had described in the artist of the Jardin des Plantes. Played in this manner, and being far shorter than the piece upon the piano, the variations received much applause; upon which our little cook-boy clapped his hands, and cried out, with might and main, "Bravo!" and appeared to feel such intense admiration, that his neighbors could not help sharing in it; and thereupon a second storm of applause from that part of the house greeted Henry's performance.

In vain Arnold attempted, in another piece, harder and longer than the first, to achieve a similar triumph. The audience remained unmoved; while at Henry's reappearance a piercing "Bravo!" went out from Jacquot's voice, and was followed by a new shout from the other spectators. The national song, indeed, was heard

Henry's success.Arnold's chagrin.

with real pleasure. Each hearer inwardly joined in it, and Henry, animated by his success, played it with taste and expression. Arnold played several times more, but without achieving any great success. It was conceded that the honor of the evening belonged to the violin-player, and at the close of the concert, they called him out more unanimously than they did his comrade, who could scarcely conceal his chagrin at this unexpected preference.

Returned to the tavern, Henry, who was possessed of a noble and generous nature, hastened to congratulate Arnold upon their common triumph, and to propose that they should sup together to celebrate it. But Arnold thanked him coldly, feigned a headache, and retired to his chamber, without adding a word. Henry, therefore, ate alone this evening at the tavern table, recommending to Jacquot to treat himself to the best; for he wished that his faithful servant, to whom he owed the greatest share of his triumph, should also reap some advantage from it, and he reckoned upon his portion of the profits to defray all these expenses.

On going to bed, they conversed as one might

Two pork-merchants.An Italian, from his fire.

suppose, master and servant, on the fortunate result of the musical enterprise. Jacquot, showing his hands to Henry, as red as crabs with clapping, said—

“I tell you! what fun I have had! I have never been so happy in all my life! How we *did* clap! You did the grand crash splendidly,—there’s no mistake about that! It sounded sometimes exactly like a person tumbling down stairs. It was magnificent! Two pork-merchants sitting by me said they never heard any thing like it. They said they knew you were an Italian from your fire. They said, too, that you would be sure to make your fortune. But it occurs to me, dear master—have you received your share of the proceeds? Any one will say that you have fairly earned it. Poor Mr. Arnold! how disappointed he is! The people had nothing to say of anybody but the violin-player.”

Henry informed Jacquot that Arnold had locked himself in his chamber, declining to eat with him, and saying nothing of the money which they had made together. Jacquot, more shrewd than his master, became uneasy, proposed

Jacquot anxious about the proceeds of the concert.

to go immediately to Arnold, and besought our hero not to lie down on his bed until he had at least endeavored to speak to him about it. But Henry's pride would not permit him to ask so soon for his money.

"No," said he, "to-morrow will be time enough. It will seem as though I was unwilling to trust him, and if I were in his place I should feel insulted. Sleep quietly, little Jacquot! We have had a good day; do not spoil it with your suspicions."

It was very hard for Jacquot to reconcile himself to this delay, but as he feared it would make his master impatient, he was silent. As he dropped asleep, however, he could not help thinking, after all, that it was very careless to trust a young man whom they did not know, and who, moreover, to his notion, had any thing but an honest countenance.

Chapter Sixth.

THE SEA-DOG'S SKIN, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

A rogue, as Jacquot feared.

Henry in a rage.

THE fears of Jacquot were only too well founded, for when he went, the following morning, to inquire after the health of "Signor Arnoldi," he learned, to his great chagrin, that the young musician had departed at daybreak, without even leaving a good-by for his fellow-performer at the concert.

Again, Henry, on awaking, saw Jacquot standing, sad and perplexed, at his bed-side, as on the day when his purse was stolen by the butcher. He quickly guessed what had happened, and when Jacquot confirmed it to him, he flew into a rage which unhappily did not fill his purse, but only served to trouble his little servant still more. Accustomed to be silent during these outbreaks of temper, Jacquot hung his head

Another concert proposed.Trusting to fate.

and ventured to offer neither counsel nor consolation. But when Henry had sufficiently berated and abused human nature and the injustice which rules in the world, he ventured to express his opinion—taking care, however, not to allude to his yesterday's advice that Henry should immediately secure his share of the receipts. Jacquot's counsel was, that they should take advantage of the good impression which the playing of his master had already made, and give a second concert, searching out some new talent to assist Henry. For unfortunately little Jacquot could not perform this service; the triangle not being sufficiently valued to insure the same success at a concert as at a wedding party.

Henry rejected this counsel. He was too ill-tempered to take any pains to seek his fortune anew.

"Jacquot," said he, "don't disturb yourself; we have enough to pay our lodging and expenses for two days yet. Let us leave our affairs to fate. Perhaps they will prosper that way better than by calculation. We will take breakfast and then go out to the fair. To-day, they tell me will be the most brilliant of all."

A menagerie.A sea-dog

Thus thoughtless of the future, Henry sought to enjoy the present as much as possible. He moved around the whole morning, mingled with the crowd, and saw the booths and every thing remarkable or amusing which the fair afforded. In the great square of the little town were various exhibitions of puppet-shows and dancing-jacks. Here was also a wooden booth, on whose sign was seen a group of strange beasts, and below, a sea-dog or seal, in a bathing-tub. As the admission fee was only two sous,* Henry thought he would surprise Jacquot with a view of these real live animals. But the two sight-seers found themselves greatly deceived, for instead of a menagerie, here were nothing but stuffed animals, and Henry was about to express his displeasure at the imposition, when the proprietor conducted him and his companion behind a dirty curtain, to the sea-dog in the bath-tub. This was indeed alive, for at the voice of its master, it raised itself up, laid its head on the side of the tub, and played various antics, but probably not well enough to satisfy its keeper, who proceeded to give it a smart blow with a

* Cents.

Deception suspected.Henry's indignation.

stick. The sea-dog, upon this, raised a howl which penetrated Henry's very marrow and bones.

"Jacquot," said he softly to his little companion, "that is no sea-dog, I am quite certain. It is a human being which is concealed in this hide. I suspected it before. What an outrage! I will not suffer it."

"Master! dear master!" answered Jacquot still more softly, "think of the lamb, I pray you, think of the lamb!"

He could say no more, for the master of the beast, apparently disturbed by the secret conversation of his two only spectators, rudely intimated to them that they had seen enough for their money, and must now go away. Instead of obeying this hint, Henry proudly and angrily approached, and said in a tone of deep indignation:

"Do you think to humbug me with your sea-dog? It is no more one than I am. I heard it sigh. See, it looks at me, this moment, as if it would beg my assistance. Draw the poor creature quickly out of that terrible hide, or I will do it myself."

*The sea-dog a child.**Enraged show-keeper.*

The animal, which was really a poor child, compelled to play the part of a sea-dog at the fair, sprang out of the bath-tub, as it heard this, and sought by its own prayers to sustain the commands of Henry, though the hide which covered its face hindered it from distinctly understanding what was going on. But the keeper, who, at this open rebellion, which fully exposed his cruelty, feared to lose his means of support, when his barbarity should become notorious, and indeed that the police, even, might interfere in the matter, took a desperate resolution. He advanced upon Henry, who appeared to him to be a very dangerous enemy, and dealt him a blow with his fist upon the head, so severe that the poor boy fell senseless to the earth.

Jacquot would have hastened to his assistance, but he was seized in the iron grasp of the enraged man, who dragged him into a little apartment and locked him in, threatening to kill both him and his companion if he continued to cry. We know not what means the cruel tyrant of the booth employed to get rid of the unconscious Henry; but it is certain that the latter (saved probably from fatal consequences by a copious

Henry in a church-yard.His anxiety for Jacquot.

bleeding at the nose), revived at last from his stupor and found himself in a strange place; like a church-yard. It was some time before he could collect his thoughts. His head still ached severely, and what had happened to him seemed so strange that he believed he must have dreamed it. As, however, his strength gradually returned, he recalled distinctly the sad history of the sea-dog, and the thought that Jacquot might possibly have become a sacrifice to the wrath of the wretch, whose iniquity he had unmasked, filled him with grief. He arose, notwithstanding the almost total darkness, and found means to get out of the church-yard. He knew that he was yet in the town, but apparently in a remote and secluded part of it. Weak, supporting himself with difficulty, poor Henry knocked at the first door, and inquired the way to his inn. A compassionate maid, seeing his condition, kindly took him by the arm and led him to his lodging.

Henry's hope of finding Jacquot on his return was disappointed. No one had seen him since morning, and he became convinced that the poor child had been given up to the tender

Results of a rash temper.Fever and delirium.

mercies of the terrible manufacturer of sea-dogs. At this thought the keenest regrets took possession of our hero. He had by his unjustifiable violence plunged the good, the excellent Jacquot into this misfortune. Perhaps he was suffering at that moment! Perhaps he was dead! Henry could not bear this thought; and the anguish it excited, added to the weak condition in which his swoon had left him, threw him afresh into such a critical condition that the landlady, out of pity for him, laid him into his bed and carefully nursed him. Henry passed the night in a fever, calling loudly upon Jacquot, whom he imagined torn by a legion of sea-dogs, or scourged by the terrible man whose prisoner he was.

The physician, for whom they sent in the morning, bled him and gave him a potion, which caused him to sink into a deep slumber, out of which he first awaked towards evening. His fever was now sufficiently abated to permit him to reflect upon the best way to rescue Jacquot from the clutches of the booth-owner. He decided to dress himself as well as he could, so that he might not be recognized by the latter, and in this way try to get at his little servant.

Henry's search for Jacquot.Informed by the sea-dog.

Thus prepared, Henry walked round the booth, but could not enter, for it was locked ; yet the glimmer of a light, which came through a small window, showed that it was still inhabited. Henry mounted a pile of stones and succeeded in climbing up the board partition and reaching the window, through which he could see into the inside of the booth. There he found a little boy (but not Jacquot) kneeling beside the well-known bath-tub, and repairing the sea-dog, probably the same in which Henry had seen him the day before. Hearing the shutter rattle, the lad arose and clambered upon a chest, to see what occasioned the noise. He immediately recognized Henry, as the one who had tried to rescue him the day before, and opening the window, he informed him that Jacquot was well. The poor little sea-dog could say no more, for they heard a noise and feared they should be surprised by the keeper. The little fellow sprang down quickly from the chest and recommenced his labor, while Henry remained quietly outside the closed window.

Jacquot was neither dead nor sick—this at least was a great comfort. He would be sure to

Letter from Jacquot.Acting the sea-dog.

learn from the little boy of Henry's visit to the window—that also was a consolation. So that our young hero was resolved, for this evening, to go away quietly from the house, and on the following morning to rescue his faithful servant, even though in order to bring it about, he must kill the villain who kept him prisoner.

The night restored to Henry almost all his strength, and he was rising with fresh courage and a new plan for rescuing his dear little servant, when a child was announced who wished to speak to him. It was the little sea-dog of yesterday, who brought him a letter written upon a scrap of paper by Jacquot, in the following terms :

“ dere master

kepe esy. the dere God will order all things for the best. I have acted the see-dog, and the other chap brings you this leter. When i saw you throne on the ground i thot i should di, and when the man put me in the hide of the see-dog i thot agin my last our had come, but it is not so disagreeble as one would think and i Have cut such butiful kaighpers that pepel be-

Henry indignant at Jacquot's ill-usage.

loved i was a real see-dog—and the man has fed me well as a Reward. yet i will Run away from him as soon as posable and Return to you at the hotel. Come not here my dere master for my keeper will surely kill you—although i act the see-dog yet am i ever

Your faithful

JACQUOT."

Henry could scarcely restrain his anger when he learned that his little servant had played the degrading part of a sea-dog, from which he had endeavored to rescue the other child. Bitter tears streamed from his eyes at this thought, and he stormed around the room, raving against the wicked booth-keeper and all mankind.

He came again to himself at the voice of the little lad, who said to him that he could not wait any longer, because his master had given him an errand to do.

"Poor child!" said Henry, "what a terrible fate! How you must suffer under the hide of that disgusting animal."

"No, indeed, dear sir," cheerfully answered the little sea-dog; "I am used to it. When I

A stratagem.Pledges his watch.

have capered about well in the bath-tub, my master gives me a good meal and some pennies. I like it well enough. Jacquot will get used to it; too, in a little while."

"Rather die than suffer that!" exclaimed Henry; and he promised the child a franc if he would secretly deliver a billet to Jacquot.

Henry was at last brought to comprehend that force would not avail for the rescue of Jacquot, and he adopted a new plan to deliver him by stratagem. He directed him in his note to stand at eleven o'clock in the evening (when the keeper would certainly have gone to sleep), upon the chest, from which the other little boy had opened the window to him the day before, while he would be upon the other side with a ladder to help him escape.

After Henry had written this letter, he offered his watch as a pledge to the landlord for a loan of money, upon which he and Jacquot could live, without the latter being compelled immediately to labor. The landlord was an honorable man, and lent him a small sum, promising to retain his watch a year, in order to give him time to redeem it. Satisfied with this arrangement, our

Hopes and fears.Rescue of Jacquot.

young hero passed the day not so sadly as he would have done, although the thought of Jacquot in the part of the sea-dog often renewed his indignation, and he impatiently awaited the time when he was to rescue him.

At last it arrived. The night was dark, and by eleven o'clock the streets of the little town were deserted and still. Henry had arranged with a porter of the inn to bring him a ladder to the eventful booth. So at eleven o'clock he climbed to the well-known window, scarcely breathing, for fear he should encounter some obstacle to his undertaking, and yet with the secret wish that he might meet the villain who had so abused him, and taken Jacquot prisoner.

All went according to his wish. Jacquot, prepared for every thing by the billet of his master, already waited upon the chest before the window. As soon as he heard the tap on the pane, he opened the window softly, and succeeded, by Henry's help, in joining his master, and hurrying after him down the ladder.

When Henry saw his true companion delivered, he felt his heart relieved of a heavy load; for in spite of his thoughtlessness, he had con-

Hazardous enterprise.Perilous situation.

tinnually reproached himself with having brought upon little Jacquot the sad lot to which he had been condemned, and embracing him tenderly, he thanked Heaven for the success of his plans.

Not yet cured, however, of his contentiousness and his disposition to punish all injustice, Henry had hardly become easy about Jacquot's misfortunes, when an irresistible desire seized him to take vengeance on the booth-keeper. In vain Jacquot besought him to be content with having rescued him from the hands of this man—in vain he urged the most reasonable objections—our young enthusiast adhered to his purpose, which was no other than to take possession of the sea-dog's skin, so that in future no other victim could ever be encased in it.

In a moment he has again ascended the ladder, and sprung through the window into the booth. Now, verily, Jacquot called on all good spirits. The keeper might awake, and strong and vicious as he was, nothing would prevent him this time from taking Henry's life. And indeed but a few moments had elapsed when the voice of the keeper was heard, uttering the most fearful oaths in the booth, but just at the same

A triumph.The retreat.

time Jacquot had the satisfaction of seeing Henry reappear at the window, scale it, and hastily descend the ladder, with the hide of the sea-dog on his back.

"Quick!" cried he to the porter and Jacquot; "quick; let us save ourselves. The wretch will open his door and follow us."

"And my ladder?" answered the porter.

"I will pay for that," replied Henry; and they had just time to flee with might and main, for the master of the booth had already thrown open his door and shouted "Stop thief!" at the top of his lungs.

It is not necessary to say more than that the three fugitives arrived, out of breath, at the inn, where they entered by a back door, to which the servant had the key, and that Henry had to pay this man what he demanded for his ladder, which had been left behind on the field of battle. Jacquot could not help thinking, when he saw the money which his master paid over, that the dirty sea-dog's hide was not worth so much, and might better have been left behind.

Henry probably read Jacquot's thoughts, for as soon as they were alone, he said—

A trophy.Without profit

"I see you blame me, although I have won this trophy; but at least you cannot deny, Jacquot, that I have done a great service for your little comrade in yonder booth, for his master will never sew him up again in this abominable skin."

"But, good heavens! he will sew him up in some other, dear master! He has I know not how many, and of all sorts. That little chap told me he had acted many kinds of wild animals, and sometimes a young savage; and in the last case he was always compelled to devour raw flesh and fowls, with hide and hair."

Henry was astonished by what he heard. He had risked his life without the least profit, for all he had got for it was the nasty seal-skin, which he must throw into the fire!

Meanwhile Jacquot endeavored, as he saw his master stand meditating and troubled, to talk of something else, and succeeded in cheering him up, by dwelling upon the courage which he had displayed in his rescue. He attempted also to place in a more favorable light the part which he himself had had to play in the booth, while he acted over his droll jumps and antics, and

Nothing but misfortune.

Leaving in disgust.

depicted the loud applause which had rewarded his performance in the sea-dog skin.

Henry resolved to leave in the morning. His stay in this town, from which he had promised himself so much pleasure, but which had afforded him nothing but misfortune—in which he had been overreached in the meanest way by Arnold, and had been almost killed by the savage man in yonder booth, in which Jacquot had been taken prisoner, and sewed up in the sea-dog's skin,—all these were disagreeable circumstances, great and numerous enough to fill our heroes with a dislike of both town and fair, and to excite in them the wish to get away from them as soon as possible.

Chapter Seventh.

THE WOLF.

Again on their way.

Stop at a farm-house.

ON the following morning, the two friends, after satisfying the demands of the innkeeper, actually set out again upon their way, but without the cheerfulness which animated them at the beginning of their journey. Henry, suffering yet from the effects of his bleeding, and the terrible blow he had received, walked slowly and said little. Jacquot found himself in first-rate order, notwithstanding his mishaps; but he was troubled to see his young master so sad, and even began, himself, to have forebodings about the future.

Although he often rested, Henry felt so exhausted by afternoon, that Jacquot persuaded him to remain and pass the night at a farm-house, where they had stopped to eat. A good bed and a refreshing drink, which the farmer's wife prepared from herbs for him, produced such gentle

A hunting-party.A ferocious wolf.

slumbers, that, on the next morning, he arose, entirely restored and fully prepared to go in pursuit of new adventures. Jacquot, delighted to see his master fresh and sound again, felt his happiness and his confidence in the future return. In spite of his heavy knapsacks, he danced for joy in the highway, and amused Henry with his sallies of wit and his droll actions.

It was yet early when the two young adventurers stood before a large and beautiful castle, around which there were many signs of bustle and activity. Hunters on horses, probably the gentlemen of the castle, were accompanied by a great number of servants and peasants, armed with guns, pitch-forks, and cudgels. Great hounds, in couples, barked and gave tokens of their impatience to be set free. Every thing betokened that some mighty hunt was afoot, and Henry soon learned from a peasant that they were about to chase a gigantic wolf, which had ravaged the country for several miles, and no one had been able to capture him, although a high price had been set upon his head.

This was good news for our young Don Quixote. To punish a man for his cruelty to an in-

Henry in the chase.The wolf discovered.

nocent animal, seemed right to him ; but to destroy a beast of prey, better still. He directed Jacquot to ask admittance into the castle, and permission to lay down his bundles, while he himself should mingle in the hunt, and follow the wolf.

They set out. The lord of the castle assumed the command. Several groups were detached, and started in different directions ; Henry remained in the company of the leader. They crossed a plain, dotted with trees, on their way to a dense forest, where they hoped to find the savage beast. The dogs ransacked every bush and sometimes hunted out innocent animals, which were immediately stricken down by shot from the hunters. But still, no wolf. The hunters had searched through the whole wood to find his tracks ; when suddenly a terrible howl announced his approach. They hastened towards the point from whence the sound came, and saw an uncommonly large animal, which was immediately recognized by the peasants as the one which had done so much damage. The hounds followed him closely. He attempted to escape by plunging deeper into the forest. The riders

The wolf escapes.A sumptuous banquet.

put spurs to their horses and pursued. Henry was mounted behind a servant who had granted him the favor. They galloped through a ravine, scarcely passable for horses, where the riders were obliged to push aside the branches of the trees which impeded their way. At last they are within range of their mark. They aim—guns are fired—but without hitting the wolf, who, with a desperate leap, springs over a wide ditch, and immediately disappears, while dogs and hunters, for this day, lose his trail.

The huntsmen, almost exhausted and discouraged by the result, returned to the castle. When they arrived there, they found two large tables, which had been spread in the open air and loaded with meats and other generous refreshments. The master, who had observed Henry's ardor in the chase, invited him to remain, and to take part on the following day in a new hunt after the wolf. They conducted him to a hall, to sup with the steward and other officers of the castle, and afterwards to a fine chamber, of which Jacquot had already taken possession, and laid down in it the baggage of his master.

"Ah, dear sir," said our little cook, when he

What living!Splendid rooms.

was alone with Henry, "how beautiful it is here! What a life! Roasts, as though they were rained down! and if you ask for a glass of water, they give you a glass of wine! Bread and cakes, as much as you can eat! And such polite, amiable people! Ah, why can we not always stay here?"

Henry thought so too; but if he wanted to stay in the castle, he must hire himself out—must acknowledge a master—and he had sworn to be his own master, and to serve only those who were suffering and oppressed. He determined to remain only till this interesting chase was concluded, and the country was rid of its four-footed tyrant; but then to bid farewell to the castle and its wealth, and to follow again his adventurous and independent course of life. And certainly not a little courage was required for this, for Henry had never lived so luxuriously, never seen a house so well regulated, never been treated with so much politeness as here, by the lord and servants of the castle. As to Jacquot, he was in one continual ecstasy. Every moment he made a new discovery, and ran to his master to express his astonishment. The rooms were lined with velvet and silk; the floors were of mosaic; the

Jacquot's amazement.The wolf again.

doors of mahogany, inlaid with gold. Everywhere might be seen furniture of all kinds, pictures, porcelain, and crystal. The stalls stood full of beautiful horses. The larders were so filled with provisions that a whole regiment might live upon them. In short, Jacquot believed that he was in a dream, or had been set down in paradise.

Early the next morning, the same hunting-party assembled again before the castle. They were now still more enraged against the wild beast, for, during the night, he had broken into a sheep-fold, slaughtered a number of sheep, and left the shepherd in a dangerous situation. They had, this time, adopted a new plan of attack, and believed themselves sure of capturing the monster. But he had been gorged by his feast in the sheep-fold, and probably kept himself so concealed during the whole day in some den, that the dogs could not once find his trail.

The whole country was in despair. They told of children, whom the hateful beast was said to have devoured. Some said he had teeth like a razor, others that his tongue was pointed like a thorn. The old women asserted that he had six

Jacquot's courage.Formidable hunters.

legs and would never be overtaken, for he was bewitched. In short, the talk was of nothing else but the universal danger, and of vexation, because nobody was able to capture the common enemy.

Henry returned to the house angry, because the wolf had not been discovered. He had secretly hoped to distinguish himself, on this occasion, for he had determined, as soon as the beast should make his appearance, to rush upon him, dagger in hand, and dispatch him.

"Jacquot," said he earnestly to his little servant, who, without mingling in the chase, had learned all the particulars and was very much interested in it, "Jacquot, have you courage?"

"Indeed, sir, no more than is necessary; but if it is required to do *you* a service, I am sure it will come of itself."

"That's well; take a gun and follow me. We will seek the wolf this very night. If we find him, the honor and profit will be ours alone, for you know that they have promised two hundred francs* to whoever shall kill the wolf."

The little Jacquot scratched his head without

* About forty dollars.

Fool-hardy Henry.Sensible Jacquot.

replying ; as his custom was, when he found himself in a great difficulty. His good sense told him that it would be a great piece of fool-hardiness for two to attack a wild beast against which the whole country had been armed in vain, and that it would be a great deal easier for the wolf to devour them both than for them to destroy the wolf. However, he did not permit himself to oppose the opinion of his master, but sought some way of escape, and finally believed he had found one, which would at least have the effect of postponing Henry's nocturnal plan of attack.

"My master," said he, after he had reflected maturely, "if we could find a way to trap the wolf, so that he could not escape us, and, at the same time, without endangering our lives, would not that be better? I have been thinking all day on a plan of this kind, and if you will permit me, I will tell you what conclusion I have come to."

Although Henry longed to encounter the danger immediately, in the way he had just proposed, yet his confidence was so great in his little servant, that he permitted him to set forth his plan. He listened attentively, and found it so sensible,

Henry decides on following Jacquot's advice.

that he at once gave up his own, and took Jacquot's advice, only impatient that he could not carry it out upon the spot.

We shall see in what this plan consisted, and how it was carried into effect by the young adventurers, on the following morning.

Chapter Eighth.

RASHNESS IN A SCRAPE AND COMMON SENSE TO THE RESCUE.

Our heroes set out for the theatre of war.

HARDLY had the first streak of light announced the break of day, when our active little cook-boy arose, and made preparations to secure the success of the plan of capture he had projected.

Jacquot had noticed, on his journey to the castle, a decayed, deserted building, which he selected as the theatre of war. The door could still be barred, and the sills of what once were windows were too high to be climbed by the enemy from without. The place was lonely, and admirably suited for the purpose of the young generals.

Thither Jacquot betook himself at day-break, with Henry, who had charged him not to begin any thing without him. Both had guns, which they had borrowed in the castle, yet without im-

The plan of Jacquot.Ready for action.

parting to anybody the secret of their plan ; for they wished to retain all the honor for themselves, if it should succeed, and to avoid ridicule, if it should fail. Thus equipped, the boys arrived at the ruin and examined the ground. Then they went to the house of a flayer of beasts, who lived in the neighborhood, and bought, for a mere trifle, the carcass of a dead horse, which they contrived to move on a cart, to a spot very near the ruin. After these preparations were completed, our two champions barred themselves in the building, and stationed themselves each by a window, to watch the wolf and to kill him at the moment when, attracted by the smell of the carrion, he should come to feast himself upon it.

The plan, as may be seen, was not badly contrived, and Henry wondered that little Jacquot should have invented it all alone, and known how to execute it so remarkably well. But by sound common sense one may put slight experience to use, and with self-possession and skill often successfully encounter dangers which impatience and violence are not able to overcome. Jacquot had sufficient opportunity, on this day,

No wolf yet.Henry's impatience.

to display all his good qualities, for, notwithstanding the attractions of the dead horse, the wolf did not make his appearance, and Henry, impatient to encounter him, was determined, at all hazards, to leave the ruin. He would either go in search of him alone, or rejoin the hunt, from which distant sounds could be heard rising from time to time.

"Jacquot," said he, passionately, "you'll see the hunters will have better luck to day. Hark! is not that the signal-horn of triumph that I hear? Yes, he certainly is fallen!"

"No harm done yet, dear master; that is the swine-herd blowing on his horn, to call the pigs together," answered Jacquot, quietly, and began again to lay before Henry all the probabilities, that the beast would yet come into the trap prepared for him.

A good lunch, with which our shrewd little cook-boy had provided himself, served to pacify Henry, and to pass away the time. Jacquot was cunning enough to ask him to relate the principal events of his life; so that our hero, in the recollections of the past, for a time almost forgot the present. Henry told of his childhood; of

The wolf appears.Seizes the bait.

the affluence that surrounded him ; then of the reverses that followed upon the death of his father. Nor did he forget his visit to Madame l'Espinoy ; and he could not help laughing, as he recalled the scene between himself and the fat lap-dog. Jacquot thought to himself, just here, that if *he* had had the good fortune to find a relative, he would have sought to win her love, instead of wandering, like a vagabond, about the country.

Meanwhile it grew late and dark. The patience of Henry was at an end. Jacquot saw that the moment had arrived, when his master would leave the building ; and he had just yielded to Henry's objection, that he had been kept there all day for nothing, when suddenly he thought he saw, thrust forth from the opposite thicket, the dark and shaggy head of the terrible wolf.

“ Dear master,” said he, “ look there ! I believe there is the enemy !—Yes, there he comes—he smells the dead horse—don't let us shoot until he gets right busy, tearing it.”

Sure enough, the savage beast sprang upon the carcass and appeared to exult over the ex-





Bang!—the wolf falls.Closing with the enemy.

cellent entertainment which had been provided for him. Henry took aim, and Jacquot, who could not shoot, held the second gun ready, to hand to his master, if the first should miss.

Bang! there goes the shot—and the wolf has received the ball in his body, for they see him reel and fall upon the dead horse.

“Quick, master! the second shot—to kill him dead!” cried Jacquot.

But our young Don Quixote heard no more. Intoxicated with his success, and burning with desire to complete his triumph, by closing with the danger and grappling boldly with the enemy, he ran to the door, opened it, and rushed upon the wolf with his dagger.

At this new peril, to which his master had exposed himself, Jacquot forgot his accustomed caution. He hastened after him with the loaded gun, which he still held, and reached the spot, at the moment when the wolf, maddened by his wounds, turned, limping and howling, to spring upon Henry. The latter received him with the dagger in his hand. But he had reckoned too much upon his strength. Before he could give the savage beast a second wound, he was thrown

Critical situation.Jacquot's first shot.

down, and felt his arm severely torn by its long and pointed teeth. It would have been all over with our young champion, if his true and faithful servant had not immediately hastened to his assistance. Without a moment's hesitation, he placed the gun-barrel at the ear of the wolf, fired, and the monster that had spread terror throughout the whole country, fell dead at the first shot Jacquot had ever fired in his life.

But the brave boy thought little about his triumph. The situation in which he found his dear master engrossed his whole attention, and filled him with grief. The blood streamed from Henry's wounds, and mingling with that of the wolf, flowed over his clothes. His distorted features were overspread with the paleness of death. There were no more signs of life. In short, poor little Jacquot believed that his master had given up the ghost, and that naught remained for himself, but to die with him. In this extremity, Heaven sent him help. The dogs, which had probably discovered the track of the wolf, at the side of the bushes, came up at this moment, and a part of the hunters, among whom was the lord of the castle, followed them. We can easily

Henry's wounds.A surgeon.

imagine how great was their astonishment at the spectacle which met their eyes. The wolf, long the terror of the country, and so long hunted in vain, lay there, stretched lifeless, by the side of the two strangers, one of whom appeared to have been made a sacrifice to his own bravery. The carcass of the horse also excited wondering conjectures. All, moved by the liveliest curiosity, crowded around Jacquot, while the dogs vented their anger on the dead enemy, which, when alive, had caused them so much fruitless fatigue.

Jacquot, without answering any of the questions they put to him, desired, before every thing else, that they should give assistance to his master. Fortunately there was a surgeon in the train of the nobleman, who examined his wounds and administered restoratives. These brought him once more to life, at which the affectionate little cook-boy shed tears of joy. After his master's wounds were dressed, he loudly proclaimed his triumph, and told how Henry had wounded the wolf, fought with him, and finally, at the greatest peril, had struck the monster down.

Henry would have spoken, to give to the cour-

On a litter.Carried to the castle.

ageous Jacquot the honor which belonged to him in the combat ; but too weak to speak distinctly, he could only stammer some words, which nobody but Jacquot could understand, and *he* continued, all the while, to extol the courage of his master to the skies. Henry's vanity was flattered by the praise which resounded on all sides ; and this was the most effectual balsam for his wounds. They constructed a litter of boughs, to carry the wounded youth, and another for the beast which he had slain, and set out for the castle. Thither the news of the death of the common enemy had already spread, and the people of the neighborhood crowded around the procession to see the dreadful wolf, calling down blessings upon Henry, who had rid the country of him.

It would have been a pleasing triumph for our young friend, and he would have accounted this the happiest day of his life, had he not suffered so much from his wound, as to be insensible to the admiration he excited. Jacquot, on the contrary, enjoyed it with all his soul.

Relieved of anxiety about the condition of his master, he could now give himself entirely up to exultation over the fortunate result of their

Jacquot's unselfishness.Henry's bitter reflections.

enterprise—and while he insisted that all the glory thereof belonged to Henry, he actually believed himself to be telling the truth, so much did his affection for his master, and his natural modesty, cause him to forget the distinguished part which he himself had taken in the transaction.

Had our hero listened to the advice which commended reason to him by the voice of Jacquot—had he remained in the old building, and from thence entirely dispatched the wolf—he would have achieved the same, nay, a far more legitimate triumph, for then he would not have deprived his little servant of his share of it, and, moreover, he could have enjoyed it without drawback. But now his grievously lacerated arm, the fever that raged in his veins, the dreadful anxiety lest he should be a cripple all his life, changed this triumph into a source of suffering and bitter reflections to our poor knight-errant, who at this moment only too much resembled the “Knight of the Rueful Visage.” On his return to the castle, they tended Henry with all care; the surgeon employed every means in his power for his recovery, and a ser-

*Jacquot's devotion.**Henry recovering.*

vant watched by his bed, in company with Jacquot. Notwithstanding all this, Henry lay, for four and twenty hours, in the greatest danger, and the lord of the castle regretted exceedingly the price at which the death of the wolf had been purchased, viz.: the probable death of its conqueror. Jacquot, in his despair, prayed constantly to God, that he would save his dear little master. He did not leave his bedside, and if they had not constrained him to take something, he would have eaten nothing during the twenty-four hours in which Henry's life was in danger. At last, youth, and the good constitution of the wounded lad, conquered. The fever left him. The wounds lost their painful character. After eight days, Henry's recovery commenced, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the wolf stuffed and raised upon a pole in the court of the castle, that all might gaze upon an enemy once so formidable.

The same day, the lord of the castle came to thank Henry for the service he had rendered him and the whole country, and to offer him the promised two hundred francs, as the conqueror of the terrible wolf.

Noble strife.Tempting proposal.

Although Henry was proud and vain, his heart was in the right place. Therefore he now disclosed to the nobleman the creditable part which Jacquot had taken in the destruction of the beast, adding that the reward was really due to *him*.

“Would you, then, absolutely give me pain?” said Jacquot, with tears in his eyes; “would you really distress me?”—and with this he pushed away the money, insisting that it belonged to his master. The lord of the castle, affected by this noble strife, and already much interested in the two young adventurers, proposed to them to remain in his service, in whatever situation they might select. They might be assured, he said, that they would be satisfied with their treatment. Jacquot looked towards his master, with a glance of entreaty that he would accept so advantageous an offer. But our hero had not yet encountered enough of adventure, and was still in love with independence. He therefore declined it decidedly, but politely, and thanking his host for all the kindness and care which had been shown him, expressed his wish shortly to leave the castle, and to continue this journey, which he

Presents to our heroes from the lord of the castle.

had undertaken, as he said, for his personal improvement.

A few days after this conversation, he actually set out, to Jacquot's great regret, taking with him the two hundred francs, a beautiful gold chain, which the lord of the castle had presented him, and a new suit of clothes, in place of the one which had been destroyed by the wolf. Jacquot had, on his part, received a silver watch, and a small sum, which fairly made him drunk with joy.

Chapter Ninth.

MORE WINDMILLS TO CONQUER—DON QUIXOTE HARD TO CURE.

Travelling in a carriage.

Jacquot's excessive joy.

OUR two travellers availed themselves of a carriage which was going empty from the castle for somebody in the town of H., to make an easy journey to the same place. This journey, in a good carriage, was a perfect fountain of delight to Jacquot. Every minute he hauled his watch out of his pocket to assure himself that it was still there, and to have the pleasure of seeing it. Then he would jingle his money in his pocket, and laugh with joy to find himself so rich. And so our little cook-boy was quite happy, and his master would have been so also, had not the weakness which remained from his recent illness still troubled him, and his arm, although the wounds upon it were healed, still sometimes pained him sorely.

Rejection of good advice.The penalty it incurred.

About noon they arrived at H., and Henry, who had little reason to be pleased with his stay in the villages, desired to spend some time in this large and beautiful city.

The two lads took lodgings in a modest tavern, where they were provided with two small, neat chambers. But the jolting of the carriage and the fatigue of the journey brought back Henry's fever, as the surgeon had forewarned him, at the same time advising him to remain in the castle at least eight days longer, that he might be perfectly recovered. As a punishment for rejecting this advice, and yielding to his desire to rove, Henry was now compelled to take to his bed, and call a physician, whom he would have to pay handsomely.

After a week, however, he was again in a condition to go out, and, supported by Jacquot's arm, to go about the city, and see the sights at his pleasure. His two hundred francs seemed to him a sum sufficiently large to admit of his visiting the theatre and coffee-houses. So he passed another week, entirely thoughtless, amid such pleasures as places of public amusement afford.

*Ease and independence.**Real dangers ahead.*

The sensible Jacquot tried hard sometimes to speak of labor for the future ; but Henry, charmed with his easy and independent mode of life, would silence his little servant with some joke, and the latter was too yielding to persist. He ceased to speak of the subject, and contented himself with becoming useful at the tavern, where everybody loved him.

Late one evening, when Jacquot had been awaiting his master, and had begun to be uneasy about Henry's long absence, that young gentleman came to the house with a triumphant countenance, and called his little servant to him.

"Good news, Jacquot," said he ; "what I have so long wished has finally come to pass. We shall now encounter real dangers, and achieve another sort of fame than the slaying of a miserable wolf. I have met a man in the coffee-house who is the victim of a grievous wrong. His own brother has expelled him from his castle, and to-morrow night he is to make the attempt, sword in hand, to regain possession of it. He has promised, if I will lend him some money and my assistance, to present me with an

Jacquot's foresight.His modesty.

estate near his own. Only think, what good fortune! Now what do you say to *that*?"

Jacquot scratched his head with both hands. Without knowing why, he was little pleased with what he had just heard. He did not believe in the ejected brother, with his armed friends, and would have dissuaded his master from taking any part in their enterprise; for Jacquot had an instinct which told him what was good, and a foresight which warned him against evil; but he could not always set forth in words the reasons which prompted him to do any thing, or to avoid doing it; and at this moment, when he saw Henry intoxicated over his plans, he found himself destitute both of courage and ability to oppose him.

The modest little fellow endeavored also to persuade himself that he was wrong to disapprove the decisions of his master, who, with far more understanding than he, must also know the world better. He scratched his head no more, but listened quietly to what Henry had to say about the marvellous results which must follow this undertaking.

The following day passed with intolerable

How the money goes.An estate in prospect.

tediousness to Henry, for he was burning with anxiety to see the attack commenced on the unnatural wretch who had robbed his brother of all his possessions. Meanwhile his bill at the inn was laid before him. He was a little startled at the amount, for it demanded of him the greater part of what remained of his stock of money; but remembering that he was going to receive a landed estate and a handsome property, he paid it without a murmur. He reckoned with confidence upon his courage, and upon those with whom he was about to associate, to win again a thousand times more than he now paid out.

Henry reserved the rest of his money to assist, according to his promise, the leader of the enterprise; and after arranging every thing and tying his bundle, he left the tavern for the place where he should find the companions of his glory assembled. His faithful Jacquot accompanied him. It was a decayed house, in a desolate region, lying outside of the city, at which our heroes, after walking some time, arrived. Henry knocked three times on a window shutter, in the basement, and presently a large

Repulsive companions.Fearful-looking place.

man, with heavy whiskers, appeared, opened the door, and conducted them into the house.

Our intrepid young Quixote was in the highest degree astonished at the appearance presented by the room they had entered, and Jacquot scarcely breathed for fear. On the walls, begrimed by tobacco-smoke, hung pistols and guns. A half dozen men, of repulsive aspect and rough apparel, sat upon the ground eating, and drinking out of the same bottle. A number of articles, of various sorts, were heaped together in the corner, and some of them bore traces of blood. Every thing in the place wore a dark and terrible aspect, and it required all the credulity of Henry not to suspect where and in what company he found himself. The dark man, the professed brother who had been ejected from his castle, looked pleased at the sight of the little sum which Henry, after being led into an adjoining apartment, handed to him. Jacquot, dreading to remain with the terrible-looking revellers, hastened to follow them. The dark man pointed the boys to a miserable straw bed on the ground, and invited them to rest there till he should come and call them to take part

The fears of Jacquot.A den of thieves.

in the attack upon the castle, which belonged to him, and had been wrested from him by treachery. Upon which he left them, wishing them a good night, and requesting them to hold themselves in readiness at any hour.

“Dear master!” exclaimed Jacquot, as soon as he found himself alone with Henry, “we are in a den of thieves—I am sure of it! Did you notice a little man, with red hair, who lay upon the ground? Well, he said something to one of his comrades, and the other answered, ‘Hold your jaw, you galley-slave!’ And then all these guns and pistols—that heap of clothes with blood on them! and then—don’t be offended, dear master—the dark man, whose castle they have taken away, looks like a robber! How he did stare at your gold chain! I held my watch fast with both hands! Look here, my dear little master, let us run away at once. There is yet time. The window is not high. I will open the shutter very softly, and we can jump out without anybody hearing us.”

“You are crazy, Jacquot,” answered Henry, who found it agreeable to his dignity to make a show of courage to which, at this moment, his

A show of courage.A sleepless night

heart was a stranger; "you are frightened, and every thing looks terrible to you. These people, who are here for the purpose of retaking the castle from which the rightful master has been expelled, are poor, it is true, but they may be honorable for all that; and they use guns and pistols, of course, to attack and to defend themselves. As to the dark man, as you call him, he appears like a soldier—that is all. He has been made the victim of a monstrous wrong. It would be unworthy in me to forsake him, after having promised to help him avenge it. Quiet yourself, now, and go to sleep!"

Jacquot scratched his head in his perplexity, and instead of sleeping listened to every noise that sounded in the house, perfectly satisfied that some great misfortune threatened himself and his master.

Chapter Tenth.

THE ISSUE OF IT.

An early call.

Every thing prepared.

It might have been about half-past one o'clock in the morning, when the dark man came to say to Henry that they were all ready to set out. He was inclined to leave Jacquot behind, but the little fellow declared that he would follow his master, at all hazards, and stepped up bravely to his side. A part of the band had gone on before, and the remainder consisted of only five men, including our two friends. They continued but a short time upon the highway and then struck into a side path, which, after an hour's walk, led them to a low wall, which inclosed the yard of a spacious building. Those who had gone before had already prepared every thing properly. A ladder leaned against the wall, and the little red man, who stood concealed in shadow, assured the newcomers that the dogs would not bark, for he had

thrown poisoned meat to them. A door of the house, at which the other comrades waited, was already broken open.

"Every one is asleep in the house," said the little man, "and we must begin by murdering the porter, before we can do the same to the master."

"Murder?" echoed Henry with horror and indignation, "why murder? Our business was only to fight honorably and take the brother of the nobleman prisoner—what does this mean?"

"You will find out soon enough, my little innocent," answered the red man, laughing with a sneer; "till then, all you've got to do is to follow on and hold your tongue, unless you want to get yourself into trouble."

"Be still, and strike when I strike," said the dark man, and Henry was forced forward, unwillingly, to climb the ladder and enter the house, where the whole band were soon treading with caution the pavement of the hall. Jacquot moved not from the side of his master.

Suddenly they heard the barking of a dog, shut up in a chamber, and, almost at the same moment, a maid stepped out and seeing the armed

An affrighted girl.Sues for her life.

band, which had taken possession of the house by force, screamed "Thieves!" The dark man rushed upon her, to silence her, for he feared that her screams would awaken the other people in the house; but he was soon relieved on this score, for the poor girl fell on her knees, trembling in every limb, and implored him not to take her life.

"It will do you no good," said she with wavering voice; "I am alone in the house, with the gardener. All the rest have been gone three days to a wedding in a neighboring castle. I will open all the doors and all the chests for you."

"Good," said the dark man, "you shall be rewarded; but if you deceive us, I will kill you, before I stiffen the rest. Come, hurry up! lead us to the plate."

Henry and Jacquot were seized with horror to find themselves joined to a real band of robbers, and sharing in the responsibility of their crimes. Our hero knew not what to do. He clearly saw that he was powerless against six wretches, all armed to the teeth, but his hatred of oppression and the abuse of power overcame the fear of possible danger.

"Traitor!" shouted he to the leader of the

How he was caught.Chests of plate.

band, "why have you betrayed me? Why did you tell me you were going to punish a crime, when you yourself are the most accursed of criminals?"

"I saw that was the way to catch you, my friend," answered the dark man, laughing scornfully; "you made the impression upon me of a young Don Quixote. You said you had money, and I thought I discovered courage in you, so I have enriched my band with your insignificant person. So forward! it is too late now to turn back. Forward! You see we shall make a good thing of it!"

With these words, he pushed Henry by the shoulders into the spacious dining-room, which the maid had thrown open. Several chests of plate were quickly unlocked, and revealed to the robbers a splendid booty.

The one, whom they had left as a guard at the door, attracted by the exclamations of joy and wonder which arose on all sides, at last ventured also into the apartment. The distribution of the treasure now occupied the thieves so much, and claimed their attention so entirely, that they took no further notice of the maid, and did not observe

Intrepid girlLocked in.

that she had been drawing by degrees nearer to the door at which they had entered. Suddenly she rushed from the apartment, and before they could prevent her, she had slammed the door after her, and they heard her quickly double-lock it.

"Curse the wench!" exclaimed one, "she has locked us in!"

"The windows have strong iron bars," cried another; "we can't get out that way!"

"Why didn't you stay at your post by the door?" thundered the captain, above all the rest; and, instead of the joyful excitement which just now animated the band, might be heard on all sides threats and curses.

Henry and Jacquot remained quiet, hardly knowing whether to be alarmed or to rejoice over what had just happened. Meanwhile, the dark man had quickly taken his resolution. He directed all the efforts of his band to the task of breaking open the door. Quickly they seized their tools and attempted to press them into the crevices and pry off the locks. But every thing was so well made and so strong, that they could not stir them, and at last they left the door and betook themselves to the window, to force out the

Gens-d'armes.A conflict.

iron bars. For a long time, all these efforts were vain. Finally, however, with much pains and the exercise of skill, they succeeded in moving the bars. Speedily one was taken away. Another was soon loosened, to give egress to the band—when, oh terror! the trampling of horses was heard, and by the light of the gray dawn the robbers beheld a strong picket of police, just riding into the yard. The maid had given the alarm, and had been furnished with an armed force!

“Quick!” shouted the captain to his men, “quick! to your weapons! let us sell our lives dearly!”

He had hardly thus addressed his band, when already the gens-d'armes rushed into the room, and were received with a volley of shots from guns and pistols. Only one of them was wounded; but the rest, more numerous than the robbers, surrounded them on all sides, without giving them time to load again and lay about them. The villains tried hard to make fight; but soon, overpowered by numbers, they were compelled to surrender and submit to be bound.

Henry and Jacquot were not spared, although

Vain remonstrance.Bound and beaten.

our young knight-errant, indignant at the injury done him, and the injustice of confounding him with robbers, poured out a profusion of remonstrances, and endeavored to explain that it was only by an accident he had been brought into such company.

But the gens-d'armes had neither time no patience to listen to him. They bound him only the more tightly because he resisted them, and he received a blow from a cudgel on his shoulders to reduce him to silence and obedience. Jacquot, on the contrary, suffered himself to be bound without resistance. He had foreseen the misfortune that threatened them, and had sought, at the time, to avert it from his master; but now that it had actually befallen them, and there remained no further way of avoiding it, he submitted cheerfully, seeking hope from the future, and already devising a plan, which he softly imparted to Henry.

The thieves, vanquished and bound together, marched now between the horses of the gens-d'armes, to which they were fastened with cords. And so the gloomy procession set out and moved slowly towards the city. The thought of arriving

Bitter reflections.Biting sarcasm.

there in such a train, as a miserable criminal, gave Henry more pain than the cords which cut him in the arms and legs. Horror, shame, and despair filled his soul, and, to increase his suffering, he could not repress the thought that his rashness, his credulity, and his insatiable desire for adventure had plunged him into this dreadful predicament, and involved the brave, innocent little Jacquot with him. To excite the anguish of his heart to the utmost, he was obliged to endure from every side the jokes of the robbers and the biting sarcasm of the dark man, their leader, who addressed him thus :

“Now, my little Don Quixote, you’ve had an adventure ! You ought to be very happy. And yet this is nothing to a year’s residence in a stinking cell without light, without air, without fire, chained hand and foot to the wall—a little black bread and stagnant water for nourishment. That’s dainty fare, my lad ! O delightful ! Then you may take a pleasant trip to the galleys. That, too, is charming ! Ask the galley-slave just before you—he has been there twice, and escaped to help avenge me against my brother. You understand ! To put me again in the possession of my castle

Unfortunate youth.Unavailing rage.

and my estate—ha! ha! And you really believed that, you poor fool! That may cost you twenty years' hard labor and a brand of hot-iron on your shoulder."

In this way, the cruel man tormented the unfortunate youth, who grew alternately pale and red with rage; under his irony.

Chapter Eleventh.

THE LAST FLIGHT OF A SILLY BIRD.

Entrance into the city.

See that little fellow.

At last, on a bright clear morning, the procession entered the city. The report of the important arrests by the gens-d'armes had already gone before them, and the streets were blocked with curious crowds, who ran ahead of the pinioned thieves to see them carried to prison. Taunts, threats, and reproaches assailed them in their passage.

"Ah," said one, looking at Henry, "see that little fellow amongst them. He has gone into the robber business early. He is very young, but he has a mighty bad face. They ought to behead that chap quick, or he'll commit some greater crime."

"There is a littler one yet," said another, turning to Jacquot, "but *he* has a noble, gentle

Cast into prison.Deep affliction.

countenance. Poor little fellow ! some good-for-nothing rascal has certainly got him into this scrape. They ought to have mercy on him."

These remarks, which Henry overheard, cut him to the heart, and he gnashed his teeth with rage ; but he was obliged to bear yet more of the same, and, above all, to hear the coarse insults with which the thieves answered the crowd.

Half dead with weariness, pain, and shame, came our poor Don Quixote to the prison, there to be shut up with two of these villains, as though he was considered a worthy companion for them. What reduced him to complete despair was separation from his faithful Jacquot, and ignorance of his fate. This new misfortune, which he had not expected, broke down his pride. The poor boy flung himself upon the straw which was to serve him for a bed, and began to weep bitterly. We will leave him to his sorrow, and go back to our good little Jacquot.

It had been no less an affliction for him than for his master to be confined in a different prison ; but instead of despairing about it, he reflected how he might remedy this separation, and become useful to Henry.

Jacquot wins the favorable opinion of the jailer.

The jailer whom the thieves that were locked in with Jacquot had insulted with the most abusive epithets, threatened to chastise them severely, adding that he would spare the little one, because he alone behaved well. This inspired Jacquot with the hope that he might win over the man, and when the jailer returned to bring the prisoners their meal of water-gruel, coarse black bread, and a jug of water, he managed to speak some gentle words to him, which interested him in the fate of the lad. The following day only increased this favorable opinion, and finally, convinced that Jacquot was more unfortunate than guilty, although he had been taken among robbers, the jailer obtained permission of the Director of the Prison to remove him from their dreadful company, and to take him under his own especial care.

Who was more happy than our little Jacquot when he was released from this tomb of soul and body, and from the company of the criminals! He thanked God from the bottom of his heart, and showed his gratitude to the jailer in a way that won still more the heart of this good man, and finally received from him permission to carry

Jacquot obtains important favors for Henry.

the following little note to Henry. Here it is, in his own grammatical language :

“dere master

all goes wel i am out of the jale and can be of some use to you i have found out that the made of the castel has said that she would say before the cort that you was innersent therefore do not distres yourself. the jaler who is very good has promised to give you some good food and a clene shurt

Yure faithful

JACQUOT.”

Jacquot procured not only good food and a clean shirt for his master, but desired of his friend the jailer that he would give Henry a mattress, and take off his fetters. The situation of our hero now began to improve, and if he had followed Jacquot's advice, and been patient, there was no doubt that he would have been speedily acquitted, for the robbers were soon to have their trial, and the evidence of the maid, who would testify to what passed in the castle between the captain of the band and Henry,

would certainly tell in his favor. But our young Don Quixote, irritated by pain, and especially by the injustice which had befallen him, found but little consolation in the letter, or in the devotion of his servant. He mingled his furious complaints with those of his companions, so much the more as they were directed against the magistrates, and instead of trusting in the equity of his cause, Henry preferred to defy justice, and to escape. So he eagerly adopted a plan for flight which his two companions proposed to him, and found himself almost happy again when he thought of the new adventure which he was about to undertake, and of the danger attending it.

"These are indeed banditti," said Henry to himself, "but is that any reason for keeping them confined in this hateful prison, and treating them as common beasts, before they are sentenced to death? And is not the treatment which I endure a disgrace to me, an innocent person? No! there is no justice in the world, and I will not wait in this accursed prison till they call me out to judge me! I will not be tried like the others! Jacquot is a child if he

Plan for flight.Operations commence.

thinks otherwise. God be thanked, *he* is free—and happy. He needs me not: I can escape with a good conscience.”

While our hero continually satisfied himself, in this manner, of the wisdom of the project, he applied himself earnestly to its execution. One of the thieves had devised a plan by which he had before escaped from a prison. A few days previous some coarse woollen bed-clothes had been given them. It was their plan now to cut these into strips, and with the help of the straws of their bed to twist them into a rope, with which they could let themselves down along the wall of the prison. The garret window, through which a little air and light passed into the prison, was indeed high and grated, but that was of very little consequence to the skilful robber. He showed his two companions a file, a knife, another instrument of iron, and a ball of pack-thread, which he had taken care to conceal under his clothes when he entered the prison, all of which would be helps in their escape. Several days passed away in taking out plaster and stones from the wall under the window, so that they might have a foot-hold in the holes thus

An opening effected.No sentinel to be seen.

made to climb up to it, holding on with their hands. One robber was raised upon the shoulders of the other, and in this way had reached a considerable height; but Henry, in order to reach higher, clambered upon *both* their shoulders, and with the help of the instruments made an aperture in the wall, which enabled them to get to the garret window. When they had completed this, the most active of the two robbers made the first attempt. He clambered up the wall, and seated himself upon the window-sill, while he filed through an iron bar. The next day he filed the other one, and then descended triumphantly to his companions, and told them that the window opened upon a little court, from which one could easily climb over the outer wall, and be entirely free, for there was no sentinel to be seen on that side of the building. The three prisoners immediately set themselves, with the greatest haste, to making the necessary ropes. Henry admired the skill of the two thieves in this work, and their shrewdness in tearing into strips only half the coverlets, so that the jailer might notice nothing. The remaining halves were to lie upon the straw-

Deceiving the jailer.The escape commences.

beds, and under them the rope was to be concealed. All went according to their wish. The pack-thread, which was wound round the woollen strips, filled with straw, gave the work strength, and they could calculate that it would be long enough to let them down pretty near the ground.

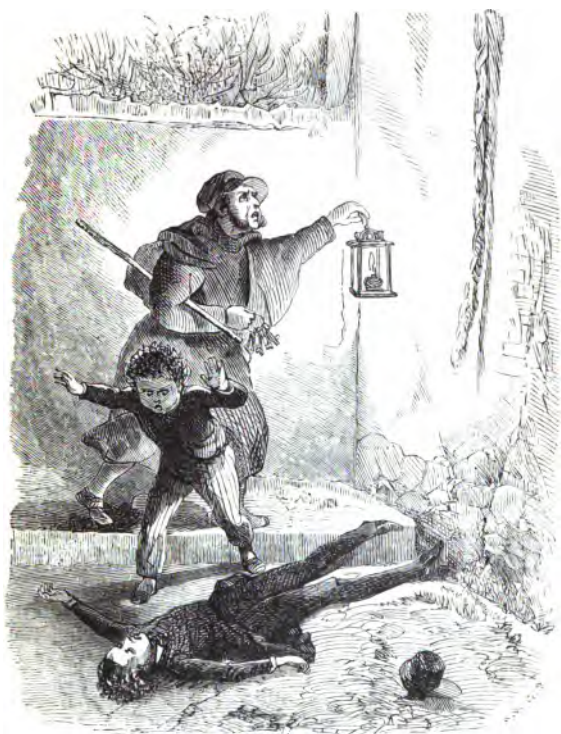
The flight was arranged for the following night. The three conspirators, therefore, slept but little, in the expectation of what was to follow. As soon as it was daybreak, the most active robber ascended to the window, where he filed through the remaining bars, and loosened them from the wall, taking care to leave one fast on which to secure the rope. He then restored those which he had loosened nicely to their places, that the jailer might not detect any thing wrong when he brought their dinner. And sure enough that officer entered without discovering the labors of the prisoners, and they had the satisfaction of seeing him leave again without any tokens of suspicion.

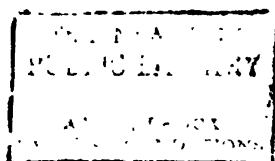
Early in the evening they commenced their escape. The cord, tied with three knots to the firm bar, was let down into the little court, and

A fearful leap.Henry ventures, and falls.

the robber who fastened it crept through the window, held fast to the cord, and slid down. Henry waited anxiously the success of his attempt. The second robber soon told him of it, when he climbed up to the window, and saw his comrade safely on the ground, from whence he was beckoning him to follow. This was soon accomplished, and it was now our hero's turn to follow the others. Trembling with anxiety, he ascended the wall with some difficulty, reached the cord, and was about to imitate his companions; but when he saw the giddy height from which he must descend by a slender rope, his courage failed, and he would have gone back had not his native pride and the fear of being punished for the escape of his companions restrained him. He collected himself, commended his soul to God, seized the rope, and let himself down upon it. But ah! Henry was dizzy—his strength left him—and while still at some distance from the ground, his hands relaxed, he lost his hold, and fell heavily to the earth!

The robbers wasted no time in helping Henry, when they saw him fainting. They clambered over the little wall, and were soon on the other





The alarm.The pursuit.

side. A sentinel had already sounded the alarm. They gave chase to the rogues, and the jailer, who soon discovered from what part of the prison the escape had been made, went out with a lantern into the little court to see in what way it had been accomplished. Our little Jacquot, pale and despairing, when he heard that his master was among the fugitives, accompanied his protector into the court, and the first thing which he saw at the foot of the wall was poor Don Quixote, his head covered with blood, without any signs of life.

“Ah! this time he *is* dead!” thought Jacquot, and throwing himself upon the body of his master, he called him in despairing tones, and bathed him in his tears.

Chapter Twelfth.

REASON, REPENTANCE, AND A BREAKING AWAY OF CLOUDS.

A broken leg.

The hospital.

THEY raised Henry up, and found that he had broken a leg, and received other severe injuries. He was taken to the hospital, and Jacquot, by prayers and tears, obtained permission to accompany him and take care of him. We will spare our readers the story of Henry's sufferings: it is enough to say that they doubted of his recovery for more than a month, and that during this time he had his consciousness only for a moment. At last his youth and good constitution, which had saved him after his combat with the wolf, conquered once more, and Jacquot, thanks to his own vigilance and care, at last saw himself recognized by his poor master, who slowly returned to life, but, alas! only to realize the more his

The thieves convicted.Henry and Jacquot acquitted.

dreadful situation. Surrounded by the sick and dying, which filled him with disgust and terror, on a hard bed, with food badly prepared, and not sufficient to satisfy his appetite, which now began to return, Henry had to endure also the pangs of remorse for having brought all this on himself by his own fault, and to see Jacquot suffering for his sake.

In vain the latter sought in every way to restore Henry's courage; in vain he represented to him that as soon as he got the use of his leg again, they would go forth anew into the world, where better adventures awaited them; in vain Jacquot came triumphantly, one morning, to announce to his master that the thieves had been sentenced by the court, but that they had both been acquitted as entirely innocent of their crime, —our poor Don Quixote was still prostrate in despair, and fell at last into a state of weakness quite as dangerous as that from which he had just been delivered.

Our little cook-boy had already sold his beloved silver watch, and disposed of every thing he possessed to furnish some alleviation to his master's sufferings. He begged the nurse to

Reputation lost.A forlorn condition.

give him a better bed, and to remove him from the common hall. But without money, without acquaintances, and with the reputation of having been imprisoned with robbers, our young friends could inspire no confidence, and received no help. As soon as Jacquot became convinced of the impossibility of doing any thing for his master, he resolved to apply to the priest of the parish for assistance. He related to him their history, and pictured their forlorn condition. The priest hastened to the poor sick youth, and having soon come to the conclusion that he was more thoughtless than wicked, had him brought into a separate chamber, where a good bed and better fare were furnished him.

Jacquot was delighted to see his poor master under the protection of a good priest, and tended with care. And now he pondered much upon an idea which had often before flitted across his brain, and which he at last determined to carry into effect.

When Henry had told him about his visit to the dame l'Espinoy, he had expressed his regret at not having permitted her to finish what she would have said to appease his anger, and at

Jacquot's determination.Visit to Madame l'Espinoy.

having thus, by his impatience and abrupt departure, cast away the only relative and protector he had remaining in the world. It appeared to Jacquot that this was the very person to whom he must betake himself to draw his master away from this adventurous life, and open to him a better. He resolved to go immediately to Paris, and to Madame l'Espinoy, whose street and house he well remembered, and there, in the most touching manner, describe the desolate situation of her nephew, and set forth the qualities which made him worthy of her pardon and her protection.

So, one morning, when Henry (thanks to the care and generosity of the priest) began to feel himself better, instead of seeing his faithful little servant enter as usual, he received from him the following lines :

“dere master

as the dere God has let you have good care and as the priest is so kind I can leve you some time, but do not think that I go away because you are in the horsepittle O no, but I will do something which will help you and I

Pleasing traits.Jacquot in Paris.

will come back soon. We shall yet be real happy my dere master, therefore give yourself no more trubel and think on your true

JACQUOT."

After he had written this note, the little cook boy set out upon his journey. His open and honest countenance, his gentleness and prudence, made him friends everywhere, and he made the journey to Paris both happily and successfully; in one place repaying kindnesses received by little courtesies, in another acknowledging protection offered with polite expressions of gratitude, while the simple frankness of his behavior had a charm for everybody.

In a short time Jacquot found himself in the city, and lost not a moment in visiting the quarter of the Jardin des Plantes, and knocking on the door which guarded the entrance of the well-locked dwelling of Madame l'Espinoy, and which he recognized by the rusty nails. We will leave him to manage his self-assumed mission to the old lady, and return to our lamenting hero.

In spite of the visits and care of the priest, Henry was yet very sad about the departure of

Will be his own master.Still eager for adventure.

his good little servant, whose tenderness and patience towards himself had remained ever the same, notwithstanding all the trouble he had caused him. He racked his brains to guess Jacquot's purpose in departing, and what he meant by "something which should help him." At last he remembered his admiration for the lord of the castle where the memorable wolf-hunt had occurred, and Henry believed that he might have gone thither to bespeak in his favor the compassion of this lord, and perhaps to seek service of him.

This displeased Henry, whose longing for independence, as well as his love of a roving and adventurous life, had awakened anew since his strength began to return.

"Now, what do I want of the lord of that castle?" stormed Henry. "I will neither go to him nor anybody else. I have vowed to remain my own master, and to avoid the great and powerful. I will still go out after adventures: in the end I shall be successful. I will go;" but here faintly he falls back; he cannot support himself even with his crutch. His leg, spite of the skill of the surgeon, remains weak and stiff. A poor

*Displeased with every thing.**The slave of his own passions.*

instrument this to go in search of adventures with!

Our poor Don Quixote raved against his leg, against the surgeon, against Jacquot, against the whole world. In this mood of passion he was interrupted by the entrance of the priest. The venerable man permitted him to talk on, listened to his complaints about the injustice which reigned in the world, and the cruelty which was enacted by those who have wealth and power on their side. Henry related his history, and at the end swore anew to acknowledge no other master but himself, and to set himself against all the powers of tyranny and injustice.

"Ah, my poor child," said the good minister, "are you not yet convinced that while you condemn injustice in others, you have committed the same yourself? And do you not fear that you may give yourself a more cruel master, in your own person, than perhaps you would find in any other? Tell me, what tyrant could have plunged you into a more miserable condition than that in which you find yourself? Who has dared to compel you to associate with ruffians, and to throw you out of the window? Are not

Henry softens.The priest continues.

you yourself—your will, which alone you acknowledge as your master—the one who has brought all this misfortune upon you? and would you not have a right to complain of any one else who should inflict upon you similar suffering?”

As he saw that Henry softened, and listened attentively, the good man continued—

“My dear son, you have received my care as a father for the suffering of your body; listen to the counsel of a priest for your soul. Let us review some of the events which have happened to you since your departure from Paris. It was revolting to you to see an innocent animal abused; that is all well; but you gave it its freedom by an exercise of power which deprived a poor man of his rightful property. You yourself were the one, in that instance, that committed a wrong, and abused his power, for you were armed, while your adversary was not. More than all, are you even sure that you benefited the object of your compassion? That lamb, in all probability, soon after fell into hands quite as rough as those from which you had delivered it. What shall be said about your interference in the booth of the sea-dog? To

The priest continues his fatherly expostulations.

help a stranger, who did not complain for himself, you brought your young servant into a terrible situation, under which he might easily have sunk; and the child whom you delivered, for a few hours, from his miserable employment, certainly gained nothing further than to find it harder afterwards, because he had seen the disgust and indignation which it excited in you. I will not remind you of your dreadful experience with the robbers. But you have seen how the leader took advantage of your passion for punishing injustice to draw you into his toils, in the natural expectation that this propensity would lead you by degrees to the point of stealing from the rich and powerful, in order to better the condition of the poor and weak. Ah, my dear boy! the practice of justice in this world is a hard thing, very hard! They who are charged with it according to law are themselves constantly fearful of erring, and often have occasion to regret the sentences which they pronounce. Why, then, voluntarily assume so difficult an office? *Judge not, that ye be not judged*, says the Lord. Turn your eyes and your thoughts away from the evil which you cannot prevent, and direct all

The truth begins at last to break upon Henry's mind.

your attention to the good which you can and should do. God, in his mysterious providence, suffers the unrighteousness of this world, and often, indeed, it takes the upper hand. Let us also endure it, humble ourselves before His holy will, and await the revelations of another life to enable us to understand it. *Blessed are the poor in spirit, for they shall see the kingdom of God ;* those (that is) who do not speculate about the decrees of God, but submit themselves humbly thereto, as a faithful sentinel governs himself by the orders of his superior, without seeking to comprehend their purpose. In one word, my dear son,—God himself addresses it to you,—*Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth : Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.* Yes, my son, meekness can accomplish more with men than might, and a peace-making disposition diffuses heavenly peace on every side."

Henry deeply felt at this moment the truth of these last words. That serenity which pervaded the breast of the holy man imparted itself to his own, and for the first time in his life he comprehended what happiness it might afford to submit

Teach me, father.How to do good.

to the will of God, resolving to do good, without meddling in matters which do not concern us, and instead of wishing to correct the faults of others, to attempt that service for our own. His heart overflowed towards the good priest.

“Ah, my father, teach me how to do good, as you direct. How shall I set about it in this helpless condition in which I find myself? Alas, what good can *I* do?”

The excellent minister counselled him to pursue diligently a simple and regular course of life, conquer his disposition to go in search of adventures, and seek to make himself truly useful to the unfortunate by the natural means which God had placed in his way, rather than to attempt the same by extraordinary methods. “Thus, for example,” added he, “the condition of your leg hinders you, as yet, from being active, but by your education and your knowledge, you could be useful to many of the sick, who long for diversion and instruction. A few gentle, encouraging words to one, a book read aloud to another, and other things of the same sort. You will easily discover what imparts relief to the suffering when you sincerely set about helping them.”

A work of charity.Happiness the result.

Henry begged, with the zeal which he applied to every thing he undertook, to be conducted immediately to these poor sick people, to whom he might be of use. The counsel of the priest thus put at once into practice, he soon learned serenity and faith, in the consciousness of aiding the suffering, and a peace of conscience which none of his hero-deeds had ever imparted to him.

The following day he commenced his benevolent occupation, while at the same time he applied himself to the earnest reading of the Scriptures, and listened to the moral instructions of the good priest. Henry wondered at the pleasure which he found in the performance of duties so simple, and at the repose which diffused itself over his hitherto unquiet spirit. Upon his health, too, his new state of mind exerted a beneficial influence, and already the fourteen days which had elapsed since Jacquot's departure had witnessed an entire change in his appearance. He wore a certain gentle and happy expression of countenance, engendered by a calm and useful life, and the tokens of health again appeared upon his cheek.

Henry's fears for the fate of Jacquot.

Yet he often sadly thought on his little servant, fearing much that some misfortune might have befallen him; and it was his daily prayer to God that he might soon meet the dear little fellow again

Chapter Thirteenth.

A CLEAR EVENING SKY, AND A HAPPY ENDING.

Return of Jacquot.

Successful mediation.

ONE evening, as Henry, after having read aloud to some of the patients of the hospital, was resting himself on a stone-bench at the door, he saw a carriage drive up to the house. An old woman stepped out, followed by a young lad, in whom, despite the changes for the better which his appearance had undergone, Henry immediately recognized his Jacquot.

“Master! dear master! here I am again,” shouted our little cook-boy in high glee, “I *told* you we should yet be happy! See, here is the housekeeper of Madame l’Espinoy, who has come to take you to a beautiful chamber, at your aunt’s. You will see; it is splendid—white curtains, new rush-bottomed chairs—don’t be troubled, all is forgotten—your aunt loves you—she loves me,

The clouds dispersing. .A quiet haven in view.

too—the glass picture is mended—the dog is dead—ah! best of masters, how happy we shall be!”

True enough, hardly had Madame l’Espinoy learned from Jacquot the desperate circumstances of her little nephew, when, moved with compassion, and upbraiding herself with having repulsed him and thereby forced him to lead such an irregular life, she determined to rectify her error by adopting Henry, and providing for his education. The praises which Jacquot lavished upon his master contributed not a little to influence the old lady favorably towards him, and she resolved, above all, to bestow a good fortune on the little cook-boy, whose faithfulness and amiability interested and delighted her far more than the blessed fat lap-dog had ever been able to do.

Some days passed away in searching for a carriage at a moderate price, to fetch Henry in; for Madame l’Espinoy, notwithstanding her wish to do a kindness to her nephew, did not forget her economy, but adhered, as ever, to her rule to pay out as little as possible. At last they found an old patched-up carriage, in which the house-keeper seated herself with Jacquot, who had the

Deep-rooted passion.Hard to conquer.

satisfaction, before setting out, of seeing a nice little chamber prepared for the reception of his master.

The latter listened to Jacquot's story with astonishment, and only the presence of Madame l'Espinoy's housekeeper could convince him that the old lady, who had given him such a cold reception, now wished to adopt him. Henry knew not what to do; and when he was again alone and old thoughts of independence arose again within him, almost wished that he might be permitted to reject the shelter and protection of his aunt. But the venerable clergyman had extracted from him a promise to guard against these thoughts, which had already brought upon him so much misfortune. When, however, Henry asked his advice, and made known to him his aversion to the proposal of his aunt, and also his wish to remain with him, and be a missionary, the good priest discouraged this new scheme, saying that it was his duty to submit himself to his relative, and endeavor, by obedience and orderly behavior, to win her favor and affections.

"My child," continued he, "God requires of us no extraordinary deeds. It is not His will that

True independence.Conquering himself

we should choose our duties, but rather that we should faithfully perform those which He lays upon us. It is He who sends you the means of completing your education and leading an honorable and useful life, under the protection and by means of the property of your aunt. He certainly intends that you should atone for your wild dreams of a roving, independent life, by a simple and regular one, with a lady, who, in her capacity as a relative, has rightful authority over you. Be sure that by an affectionate devotion to the comfort of her declining years, together with diligent attention to your studies, you may please God more than by all your preaching to unbelievers. Courage, my child!—submission to His holy will—and you will learn an independence, which he never knows who is guided only by his own reckless inclinations.”

Henry was worthy to hear these words, for he had already begun to conquer himself, and to apply his energies to objects which were good and useful, not for himself alone, but also for others. He resolved also to follow strictly the counsel given him by the good priest, and to be zealous to win the affection of his aunt.

Departure for Paris.An agreeable Journey.

The thought that he should thereby secure good fortune to his dear little Jacquot confirmed him in this resolution, and he hastened to impart his determination to the lad, knowing beforehand how much pleasure it would afford him.

The departure for Paris was fixed for the following day, for Madame l'Espinoy could no longer spare her housekeeper; besides, she had evinced much impatience to see her coming nephew. Henry's parting from the worthy clergyman was touching, for to him alone the thanks of the converted boy were due for rescuing him from despair, and teaching him the true way to happiness, by moderating his wishes and ordering his life according to the will of God. He bade farewell to this estimable man, with feelings of the deepest gratitude, and lamented, with bitter tears, that he must leave him.

Neatly and becomingly clothed, according to the direction of Madame l'Espinoy and by the care of the housekeeper, Henry entered the carriage with the latter and with Jacquot, to follow his new fortunes. The beautiful weather, the gentle motion of the carriage, rest and good fare at the best inns, and, above all, Jacquot's happi-

Never so happy.Haven of safety.

ness, which imparted itself even to the old housekeeper, made the journey so pleasant that our young Don Quixote was obliged to confess that his setting out upon adventures had never afforded half so much pleasure, and that such a prospect as opened before him in the future entirely outweighed the restless, roving life which he had lately followed.

Still, Henry could not enter the house of his aunt without emotion. What events had happened to him since the time when first he followed the housekeeper along this path! What a change in his thoughts and feelings! This house, which seemed so gloomy to him then, he considered now a haven of safety, and the quietness and neatness which pervaded it were especially grateful to his present mood.

Henry and Jacquot were ushered into the very apartment where hung the memorable picture of the good Beggar and the wicked Rich Man, which now, as Jacquot had already said, bore not the least trace of the unhappy accident which had befallen it. Here they were met by Madame l'Espinoy, who embraced her nephew, without giving him time to finish the apologies he began

Study and recreation.Jacquot's education.

to make for the rashness of his behavior on his first visit.

"We have both to reproach ourselves with wrong-doing on that day," said the old lady kindly: "let us forget the past, and try to live together as good friends for the future."

And truly the life which Henry led in the house of his aunt, though simple and frugal, was far from unpleasant. He took lessons one part of the day, spent another with Jacquot in walking out and seeing whatever was worthy of observation and study, and then kept company with his old aunt, whom he took pains to amuse by reading to her and relating his adventures.

Gradually he so won her confidence that she gave him several important commissions respecting the management of her affairs, and applied to him before all others for advice. To reward Jacquot and please Henry, Madame l'Espinoy had taken the former into her service, at excellent wages, and now our quondam cook-boy had an opportunity to improve *his* education also, in which, as the orthography of his letters has shown us, there was much to be desired.

Death of Madame l'Espinoy.Leaves her property to Henry.

True to the principles which the holy man, to whom he owed so much had taught him, our hero bravely suppressed every wish which would seduce him from his quiet and peaceful life, to try new schemes of independence. He learned more and more to enjoy the pleasure of being governed by duty, and fulfilling this to the best of his ability; and ceased to fly into a rage, because the world did not always go as he would like to have it.

So Henry passed his youth; and daily did the love of his aunt and his happiness increase.

He was twenty years old when, to his unaffected sorrow, the old lady died, loading him with blessings in her last hours, and leaving him all her property. He would have given a part of it to Jacquot, but the latter, true to his native modesty and his affection for his master, begged as a favor to be permitted to remain with him as his servant—as he had been his faithful Sancho Panza, during his rambles as Don Quixote.

Some years later, Jacquot had the pleasure of seeing Henry de Clerval take a charming wife, and the good priest, whose acquaintance we have made, came to bless the nuptials of his former

mystified

Our hero's exemplary life.He is loved and respected.

pupil. Henry continued to observe his precepts so well that he everywhere diffused his benevolence, and by his counsels exerted a happy influence upon all around him. And so he lived, beloved and respected to the end of his days.

ER

JW

